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52, Gower Street.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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PICTORIAL . . . ELECTIONEERING

THE "looker-on at Venice," who may be supposed to go about amid the turmoil of electioneering indifferent to political results, but watching with a curious eye the exhibitions of human nature and the manifold changes which are taking place in manners, must have had abundant food for meditation in the contest now going on. Never was so much reliance placed on an appeal to the eye. There is scarcely a newspaper which has not found out a device of its own for giving a graphic representation of the progress of the struggle. The only fault that can be found with these contrivances is that some of them are too clever. Instead of being more direct than the printed word, they are often a puzzle which has to be solved. Still greater is the change that has come over the national character manifest in the posters and caricatures which have been printed by the rival parties. In this connection our readers have peculiar advantages for forming a judgment, since we have reproduced for their amusement some of the cleverest cartoons that were published in conflicts of an earlier day. The differences are apparent at a first glance. The elder cartoonist was nothing if not savage. His object was to exhibit the adversary in the least enviable manner, and he stopped at nothing that would make his purpose good. Accordingly he produced a picture which was calculated to hold the person caricatured up to contempt and ridicule; so that, probably, in nineteen cases out of twenty, although it might please the side for which it was published, it irritated and angered the others with the result of making them stick more closely than ever to their own champion. The Gillray pictures and those which we publish this week will serve to illustrate our contention. Clever as they are, they would scarcely be welcome at the present day. Perhaps Dr. Johnson, who loved a good hater, would, if he were alive, think that the nation had somewhat deteriorated since his time, because our methods of conducting a controversy have become so much gentler and more persuasive. The clever work of Mr. Carruthers Gould, for instance, while never lacking point in the true sense of the word, amuses the subjects of his pencil almost as much as it does their adversaries. We cannot imagine Mr. Chamberlain or Mr. Balfour being in the slightest degree hurt by his caricatures, although they almost invariably touch some weak spot in the armour of those paladins. We believe, too, that a truer principle of art animates the cartoonist of to-day. It may be true that he distorts, but he distorts much

more scientifically than did his early predecessors. The whole art of caricature consists in studying the face with an eye to observing any characteristic weaknesses in it, and exaggerating them. A good caricature may be as extravagant as the artist pleases, yet it surely fails unless the likeness is evident at the first glance. In this connection, however, it may be pointed out that the political caricaturist at all times has had a tendency to make certain faces alike. In Gillray's work, for instance, the features of Charles James Fox are often suggested by some other figure, as though the artist had become so accustomed to caricaturing them, that he could not help putting some of their lines into another subject. In the same way it has been pointed out that Mr. Gould has a tendency to make a resemblance between the face of Mr. Arthur Balfour and that of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. We should judge both to be somewhat difficult countenances to caricature; they do not lend themselves so easily to it as do some others; Lord Beaconsfield's face, for example, with the curl which *Punch* delighted to twine over his forehead, and which so marked his individuality that it could be easily caricatured. So, too, the face of Mr. Gladstone, though the caricaturists seemed to be under a continual temptation to diminish the size of his face and increase that of his collar. Among living statesmen Mr. Chamberlain lends himself most easily to caricature.

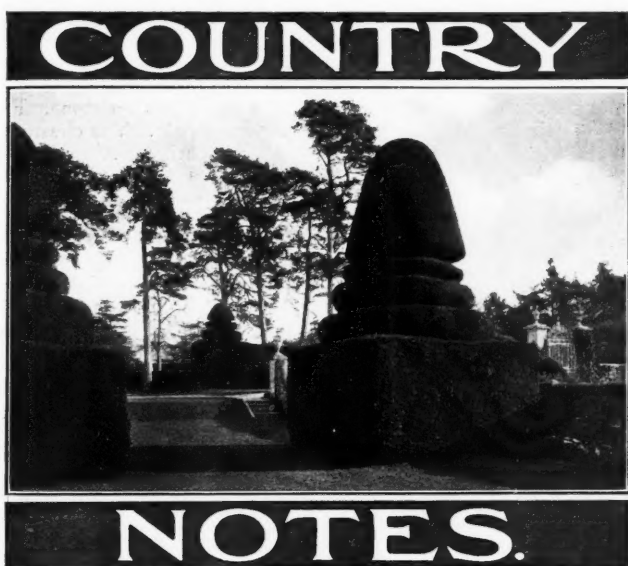
In many other respects the conduct of elections gives evidence of greater refinement. No longer does a candidate think it necessary to stand up, as was the fashion at Eatonswill, and declare that his opponent is the basest and most degraded of mankind. On the contrary, men of opposite parties have on several occasions paid one another personal compliments of a very high order, and when a statesman on either side meets with a rebuff, his opponents will be thought lacking in courtesy if they do not express some sympathy for his fall. It is undeniable that a certain amount of rowdiness still goes on, and attempts have been made to prevent both Radical and Conservative speakers from having a chance of expressing their views. But any explosion of this kind arouses an amount of indignation that would have been unthought of at a time when the electors collected vast quantities of rotten eggs wherewith to pelt the champions of the other side. What is described now as uproar means only a tremendous amount of noise and shouting, whereas half a century ago it would have led to a sanguinary faction fight. It is the same with the speeches. No doubt the "Ins" and the "Outs" still thump one another with hard words, but their strongest utterances are mild in comparison with those which used to come from the lips of the politicians of the old school. In our time an attempt was made to revive the more brutal style of electioneering by the late Lord Randolph Churchill; but even his most ardent admirers used to take care to express their disapprobation of the strong language in which he revelled. Yet in this he modelled himself upon Lord Beaconsfield, who had to fight for his position in the Tory Party in days when it was thought ridiculous to waste one's time in trying to be courteous to an adversary. It seems scarcely credible that a statesman whose death is well within the memory of the middle-aged, lived at a time when it was thought necessary to challenge to a duel a politician who expressed himself too strongly in the House of Commons. Yet Benjamin Disraeli was so challenged, and if anyone should care to turn up the election addresses from 1837 onwards, he will find in their language a very striking contrast to that which is heard on the platform of to-day.

Yet it would be a mistake to assume that the more temperate language of to-day carries with it any loss of vigour. It is but a change of weapon. We all know the old legend of Richard the Lion-hearted and Saladin of which Sir Walter Scott made picturesque use—how the great English king clave an oak with one stroke of his battle-axe, and how Saladin would not attempt to emulate this feat, but threw into contrast with it the cutting of a hair with his keen sabre. Just in the same way, no one to-day thinks of trying such a crude form of bribery as that of offering money to the electors. In these days of large constituencies, not even the most energetic person can go round them all. But the subscription lists that are headed, the parks and other presents made to towns, are, we are afraid, of no distant relationship to the older forms of bribery. What is called nursing a constituency is a delicate and subtle form of bribery peculiar to the time in which we live.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Dorothy Onslow. Lady Dorothy, who was born in 1885, is the younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Onslow, of Clandon Park, Guildford.

We regret that through a misunderstanding on the part of Messrs. Speaight, the photograph of Mrs. Seely and her children, which appeared in our issue of January 6th, was inadvertently published without Mrs. Seely's permission.



SIR FRANK LASCELLES, the British Ambassador at Berlin, was the guest of the German Chamber of Commerce the other night, and made a speech for which it is difficult to feel anything but profound admiration. Those who were present must have recognised that every sentence had a ring of sincerity, and that the speaker was animated by an earnest wish to clear away misunderstandings between Great Britain and Germany. He pointed out quite rightly that this is a case in which there is no definite subject of dispute, but that doubt and suspense lurk in the atmosphere. He was, as it were, stating an undisputed fact, and this made his task all the harder. He showed that the newspapers have not fairly represented the true state of feeling between the two countries. At any rate, while their heated rhetoric was being poured forth, the Stock Exchange showed none of the fluctuations which generally precede the coming of war. If financiers thought that a conflict was necessary, securities which are always alive to well-founded rumour would certainly have betrayed the fact, and it is well worth noting that there has been as yet nothing to show any feeling of alarm on the part of those whose pockets would first be touched.

Another point made by Sir Frank Lascelles is that hostility between commercial rivals is by no means inevitable. That the two countries are contending for the supreme place in the commercial world is undeniable, but this competition, so far from leading certainly to conflict, ought to be a guarantee of peace. As the ambassador somewhat bluntly put it, peace is the only security for payment held by those who are interested in commerce, and while we are great customers of Germany, Germany is a great customer of ours. With these remarks, Sir Frank Lascelles coupled the statement that friendliness with one nation does not at all infer hostility to another. The understanding with France is not directed against Germany, and our friendliness to the Government of the Kaiser is no threat to the French Republic. These are wise and wholesome truths to emphasise, especially at a moment when the authority of the British Ministry is receiving a fresh mandate from the electorate.

The area of hop gardens is extending in East Sussex, on that side of the county which borders Kent. We take this as some evidence that, in spite of the failing fortunes of breweries, in spite of the failing thirst of the nation for beer, and in spite of the importation of both foreign hops and foreign beer, there is a good demand for the best British hops. It is also, however, to be accepted as evidence that farmers are beginning to realise more and more that a certain boggy kind of soil is specially adapted for growing that valuable, though speculative, crop. It is a soil that is found in the valleys at the fringe of what is known as the Forest Ridge, and in many instances land which before was only rather water-logged and inferior pasture, has paid for its draining over and over again after being turned into hop garden. There are spots in this land, however, heavily impregnated with iron, which will not grow anything—not even the ill weed which is supposed to grow apace.

Dr. Hamer has issued an extremely interesting report for the County of London, for which he is the Medical Officer of Health. Amongst the outstanding features of it is the increased healthiness of the metropolis. The death-rate was only 16.1 per 1,000—a little higher than it was last year, but still considerably under the average for the last ten years. Deaths from such diseases as small-pox and diphtheria seem to be decreasing,

and a reduction took place in the number of cases of enteric fever. All this tends to show that the sanitary arrangements of London are being steadily improved, while the habits of the dwellers in the great city are no doubt much healthier than were those of their forefathers. Not only are homes kept under better sanitary conditions, but the number of people who take regular outdoor exercise continues to increase, thus helping to bring down the death-rate. On the other hand, the natural increase of population is not so high as it should be. Both the marriage-rate and the birth-rate show a decrease that must give rise to apprehension, especially as it seems to be a characteristic of all the white races of this age. We have grown so accustomed to this gradual shrinkage that it ceases to excite alarm; but it is very clear that symptoms of this kind ought not to be neglected.

A point of no small importance in Dr. Hamer's report is the attention he draws to the consumption of ice. From what he says, it is evident that natural ice cannot be used without incurring a risk. There is no means of ascertaining the water from which it has been frozen. Dr. Hamer recommends that ice should be artificially made, and by preference from water that has been distilled. We do not remember, at the moment, any cases where infection has been disseminated by the use of natural ice, but, on the face of it, the warning seems dictated by common-sense. Another matter to which the Medical Officer of Health directs attention is the necessity of maintaining some oversight over cold stores. These are very much increased in number, and the custom of preserving food in them is a growing one. Evidently great precautions should be taken to see that they are clean and wholesome, or they are certain to become a danger to public health.

CAIN HOWE.

Dark-lined against the waning red
Stands Cainhowe on the farthest steep,
Set like a sentinel to keep
Some secret of the ancient dead.
Dust are the hands that raised it, dust
The bones they laid within the tomb,
The awe that shunned of old its gloom
Vanished before a conquering lust:
Vain guardian was the passive stone
Against the living greed that sought
For hidden treasure, recking naught
Of some dim benefit undone.
Now stealthy shadows, upward borne,
Drift desolate beneath the night;
A curlew from the darkling height
Wails like a homeless soul forlorn.

H. RAPHOR.

The formation of an Army Polo Council, composed of officers holding high commands, is a great step in the history of the game. If this body fulfils the expectations of those who founded it, it may well lead to the establishment of polo as a recognised and useful recreation for busy soldiers. The new committee is intended to form a link between the Army Council and the Secretary of State and the large body of polo players on active service. This has been formed probably at the suggestion, certainly with the consent, of the War Office, and we may see in it the firstfruits of the access to power of Mr. Haldane and Sir W. Nicholson. The avowed object of the new body is to reduce the expenses of those officers who play polo. Two things will speedily become clear—that polo is not intrinsically an expensive game for soldiers; and that it is the accessories of the game—the club subscriptions, the travelling expenses, and high-priced ponies—which have given the game a bad name with the general public. It may be urged that the last item is inevitable. That this is not so the history of the regimental polo club of the 12th Lancers, under the management of Major F. Egerton Green, will show clearly. The whole secret lies in the judicious purchase and training of ponies, and in taking care that the dealing interest does not gain too much influence over the game.

The experience of Indian polo may tell us how the advantages of the game may be retained and the undesirable accessories lopped off by the influence rather than the exercise of authority. Amongst these undesirable accessories we do not account the three great days of military polo in London, the finals of the Inter-Regimental Tournament, Aldershot Day—the leading one-day tournament—and the Subalterns' Cup. These three tournaments are useful, perhaps vital, to the success of polo not only in the Army, but all over England. But they should not be allowed to cost the players anything. The competitors give more than they receive, and directly and indirectly they benefit the clubs they play at. Our great clubs are not commercial speculations, and the committees of

Hurlingham and Ranelagh are far more interested in promoting the fortunes of polo than in making money. They will be found always ready to do all they can. The increase of the entries for the Inter-Regimental when the present Inter-Regimental Tournament Committee took it in hand, is a sign of the possibilities of expansion the game has if it is controlled by those whose object and interest are the reduction rather than the increase of expenditure. The new committee will be a final authority for soldiers on all questions of polo and its rules, and there can be no doubt that it will affect civilian polo in many ways, not the least by the restoration to the game of the wholesome influence of a number of officers on the active list.

The powers that be are certainly to be congratulated upon the decision which has been come to that the ever-popular Naval and Military Tournament shall be held at Olympia instead of at the Agricultural Hall. The main object of these tournaments is to provide the much-wanted funds which support the principal naval and military charities; and they attain that end by a display of naval and military pageantry and contests, showing the proficiency at which our sailors and soldiers can arrive in the use of their weapons. No doubt these tournaments would obtain an even stronger support from the public than they have done of late years, if it was sufficiently known that the whole of the net profit derived from them is distributed quite impartially to any and every deserving form of naval and military charity, and it is to be hoped that the greater accessibility of Olympia, as compared with the Agricultural Hall, will result in a considerable increase of the funds available for distribution. Much more interest would be taken in these tournaments if something of an international character could be added to the displays of skill in the use of the various weapons. There should be no difficulty in arranging for fencing and sabre competitions in which sailors and soldiers of foreign armies might compete in friendly rivalry with our own men, and it would be interesting to see how our cavalry soldiers would rank for precision of movement and stately horsemanship if the famous "musical rides" were to be also carried out by representatives from France and Germany.

It is not often that sport is introduced into election polemics, but here and there the present contest has touched even that usually immune topic. The Unionist candidate, for instance, for the Barnstaple Division of Devonshire (Mr. Horne) was recently asked at a meeting whether he approved of farmers being at liberty to shoot the ground game. He wisely confined himself to the statement that such liberty was already enjoyed. What object the questioner had was not therefore made clear, which is to be regretted. It is somewhat amusing that the Liberal candidate for Walsall lays claim to being a first-class shot. His opponent, Mr. Bagshawe, makes no such pretension, but comes before the electors merely as a business man. Yet those who have shot in the same grouse butt with Mr. Bagshawe are not likely to regard his shooting of driven birds as anything but first-class.

Of overfishing in the commercial sense, particularly in the North Sea, we hear much, but of the exhaustion of salt water grounds long productive to the amateur, it has been left to Santa Catalina to furnish the first example. For about ten years, or rather more, that Californian island was the headquarters of a great tuna fishery. Thither from all parts of America, and even of Europe, journeyed enthusiasts anxious to break a record by catching a fish of 200lb. or 300lb. The sport is so modern that its founder, Mr. C. F. Holder, still lives at Pasadena (from which a correspondent received a letter from him only last week), though heart strain brought on by fighting tuna precludes his taking an active part. The tuna are completely gone, either fished out or driven elsewhere by the continuous disturbance from naphtha launches, which scour the channel all the summer. Mr. Turner-Turner wrote to this effect in a contemporary last week, and a private communication from Mr. Holder gives a still more despondent view of the situation. This simply means an increment of visitors for the Florida and Mexico tarpon grounds.

It is a little singular that while at the moment of writing the weather with us remains very mild, and we do not hear any accounts of severe weather on the Continent, the English East Coast should have been visited by the large flocks of wildfowl which we have learnt to expect to see rather as a consequence of severe weather in Continental Europe. It is true, that while the temperature has remained high, heavy gales have been frequent, so that stormy conditions at sea may have driven the fowl inshore. Still, we seldom see them in such numbers while it remains so warm. A singular circumstance of the same kind is that siskins, a species of little bird that is rather a lover of the cold, seem to be more numerous in our Southern Counties this unusually mild winter than we have seen them before.

Mr. Luther Burbank has opened up to lovers of horticulture a new world in which wonders abound on every side. Nature has been tricked for once, and is compelled to bow to the will or the whim of the magician. The terrible cactus is transformed into a thornless and edible plant. The plum has no stone, and to it has been added the flavour of a perfect pear. The chestnut tree bears fruit eighteen months after planting. A hardwood tree has been produced which attains a height of 80ft. in fourteen years. To the scentless dahlia the fragrance of the magnolia has been imparted. A race of fruit trees impervious to the attacks of frost has been created. Huge white blackberries have answered to the call of the magician, and daisies are grown from 5in. to 7in. in diameter. When Mr. Burbank turns his attention to the more practical subject of the growth and early maturity of cereals, there is every reason to think that he may arrive at the solution of a problem which is of the highest importance to the human race in general, and to the inhabitants of these islands in particular.

Statistics tell us that American women have indeed adopted the "Strenuous Life." They have invaded almost every one of the trades and professions followed by man. There are 193 lady blacksmiths, 8 steam boiler makers, 904 draywomen and teamsters, and more than 1,000 lady architects. Women pilots are duly certified, and bring their vessels safely into harbour; the lady lawyers have a club of their own and a Bar Association in New York, while one of them at least is said to be earning an income of over £2,000 a year. More than 3,000 clergywomen have licences to preach and to solemnise marriages. Lady porters are numbered by thousands, and there is a fairly numerous body of female sinkers of oil wells. In the Western States numbers of ladies fill the post of Town Marshal and Sheriff. There are brigades of firewomen and watchwomen. Commercial travellers are hard pushed to hold their own against the wit and insinuating graces of their lady competitors, and one lady manages with conspicuous success a great iron factory and foundry in Rochester.

A REQUIEM.

Friend, o'er your resting-place I sow some seeds ere I pass,
Then, when for many and many a year you have lain,
You may hear once more the wind or feel the falling rain
Though only as roses feel—only as list'ning grass. A. H.

Mr. Douglas Freshfield and Mr. A. L. Mumm—the latter the honorary secretary of the Alpine Club, and the former the well-known mountaineer and explorer—have returned from their attempted ascent of the Mountains of the Moon—or Ruwenzori—without succeeding in reaching the summit, but not without results that would seem to make comparatively easy the attempts of future skilled climbers. It appears that for others than practised climbers the ascent, at least by the path that they attempted it (although Mr. Freshfield indicates that there is an alternative, more circuitous, route), never can be easy, in consequence of a fairly extensive ice tract. The real impediment to the success of the two explorers, who were accompanied by a well-known Swiss guide, was the density of the mists in which the mountain was shrouded. Acting on information received, they chose November for their attempt; but Mr. Freshfield has assured himself that January would be a far more favourable season. The difficult part of the ascent he considers to have been achieved at the moment when the mists compelled them to return. The height of the summit he estimates at no more than 18,000ft., nearly 1,000ft. below the figure of some previous conjectures. Mr. Freshfield, though he has been some while back in England, is still suffering from fever, but Mr. Mumm, who has only just returned from Egypt, was in no way affected by the climate.

The reason why some of the few climbers who have made previous attempts on this mountain of Ruwenzori, which is commonly identified with the Mountains of the Moon of Ptolemy, reported that its ascent was impossible, seems to be that they were appalled by the glacier with which they found themselves confronted. To a Swiss guide, accustomed to cut steps in ice, this naturally would not present a difficulty which could not be overcome, and in point of fact there was no more ice, but only a snow climb, which it was estimated would occupy four hours, to the summit to be surmounted, when these latest explorers deemed it wise to go back—and by no means too soon, as it appears, for the weather turned from bad to worse immediately after they had descended.

There is no reasonable doubt that, had they delayed their expedition until the present month, they would have reached the summit easily enough. A peculiar difficulty prevented their

obtaining exact information about the season at which the mountain would be most free from mist—namely, that the months in which the mountain itself is comparatively clear, as a rule, are just the months in which the mist hangs heavily on the plains. The consequence is that the dwellers in the plains are not aware of—they are not able to see—the atmospheric conditions surrounding the mountain, and naturally report from what they do see—namely, that the months which they find the clearest are likely to be most favourable for the mountain ascent, the opposite being rather the case. It is, perhaps, disappointing

to find that we must give up all hope of finding in British territory the highest mountain in Africa, for that, it seems, they have already determined. Stanley, discovering Ruwenzori in 1888, estimated it at 19,000ft. Mr. Freshfield and Mr. Mumm have cut 1,000ft. off it. Kilimanjaro (and Germany) boast the highest African altitude. One of the points fairly ascertained, and a rather surprising one, is that the whole circle of glaciers might be contained in a circle of twelve miles diameter. It is pleasant to hear, after some rather discouraging recent reports, of the fine quantities of game seen along the line of the Uganda Railway.

ON THE EMBANKMENT.

IF one were asked to name the saddest place in London, it would be intelligible were he to answer the Embankment. Whoever knows that beautiful drive at night-time has probably witnessed some of the most pathetic sights to be seen in the metropolis. As dusk falls there gather on the seats there the waifs and outcasts of the great city, many of them with faces so woebegone and despairing as to suggest the inhabitants of the infernal regions. Indeed, we know of only one place in which countenances of equal wretchedness are depicted, and that is in the



A. H. Hall.

POISED AND HOVERING IN MID-AIR.

Copyright.

mediæval stained glass which decorates the windows of Fairford Church, Gloucester. There is one woman figured as in a condition of stark nudity. She is being transported to hell in a wheel-barrow pushed by a demon, and this representation has always seemed to us the very incarnation of all that is most pitiable in human nature. But in flesh and blood the equal to it gathers night after night on the Embankment, and no one can go to a more suitable place to see the saddest aspect of humanity. Yet in daylight the place has associations that are nothing if not pleasant.



W. Thomas.

LUNCH-TIME.

Copyright.

The road is alive with passing hansoms in which the passengers seem alert with pleasure and vitality. The trees in the Temple Gardens are ever amongst the earliest to put forth their buds, and the birds of London nest and carol there as happily as they do in the most remote lanes and fields of rural England. Besides that nothing can vulgarise or destroy the beauty of "Father Thames" as without "o'erflowing full" he passes majestically the stately houses on one bank and the busy wharves on the other. Carlyle nicknamed the Thames "Mother of dead dogs," but that must have been in one of those moods when he was blind to the most exquisite effects produced by Nature. His thoughts ran here on the conventional lines which regard natural beauty as being inseparably associated with wood and hedgerow, cliff, mountain, stream, and the rest of the unspoiled phenomena of Nature. But, in reality, the most exquisite effects are often produced without these adjuncts. Wordsworth, leaning over Westminster Bridge in the early morning, recognised them vividly, and in an unforgettable sonnet has embalmed his impressions. But the merest passer-by, without being anything of a poet, can scarcely fail to be struck by the exquisite forms and colours that meet his eye. There is the wonderful traffic not only of packets and steam boats, but of those great barges which float by so picturesquely, their sails showing in contrast to the lighter and softer tints of the hay with which they are laden. And even when mist comes, as perhaps happens too often, its thin covering lends a vagueness and mystery to the various forms on the river that Whistler tried, and not in vain, to put on canvas, while hundreds of other artists who have seen the effects have had a similar ambition, though they have failed in it. Among the visitors the most beautiful, and, perhaps, the most interesting, are the seagulls, which have come to regard this part of the river as a favourite feeding-place. On their white wings and clean plumage no trace can be found of the dust and grime of the city. On the contrary, they bring with them the gloss and shine of creatures whose ordinary home is on the wave and by the seaside. Experience has told them that there is nothing to fear in the middle of this crowded haunt of their enemy, man. When they are by the sea they are



A. H. Hall.

WHITE WINGS AND SNOWY TAIL.

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seldom seen. This is chiefly owing to the so-called sportsman who infests the shore chiefly for the reason that he has nothing to pay for the shooting there, and has a right to let off his weapon at a harmless gull as at anything else that is alive. It is true that the bird is utterly and hopelessly useless to man. He cannot eat its flesh, and it is unlikely that he will receive any price for its feathers. It is well known that the seagull itself does no harm whatever to the possessions of man. It eats no seed, it destroys no fruit, and does not care for root crops or for products of farming. Indeed, the husbandman is always ready to give it a hearty welcome, because when it visits his fields it is for the purpose of using as food those organisms which infest and destroy his crops. Yet, as is well known, this will not save the gulls from destruction by the seashore, and in consequence this naturally bold and confident bird has, in the more-frequented parts of the coast, become as shy and wary as the curlew or the heron. Nevertheless there are places where the gull can still be observed in its native haunts.

We know of at least one little fishing village where the houses are built so near the water that the refuse from the kitchen is tossed into the waves, and where the fishermen seem actually to love their white-winged comrades, who so often accompany them on their excursions. They often keep tame birds, and these will frequently live as long as an average man. But so confident do the birds become in captivity that we have often found it difficult to distinguish the tame bird from the wild one. Both come to the very doors for food, and sit together on the roofs of the outhouses. Needless to say, there is in this fishing village no sportsman to slay these birds wantonly. Traces exist of the feeling with which they used to be regarded, and which is most strikingly exemplified in the life of St. Cuthbert, who varied his holy meditations by feeding these wildfowl. Something of the trust they feel in their companions, the fishermen, inspires the boldness with which they come to be fed near Westminster Bridge and on the Embankment. It is a curious exemplification of the kindness which Londoners feel towards wild creatures that the supply of



"LETTING 'I DARE NOT' WAIT UPON 'I WOULD.'"

the sea they are

bread for feeding the gulls has become a kind of business on the Embankment; and if you have never made the experiment before, it is worth noting that for the sum of one penny you may purchase bread to feed them with. No pleasanter sight can be imagined than that of a group, such as we show in one of our pictures, assembled for the purpose of seeing the gulls attended.



A. H. Hall.

THE COVETED MORSEL.

Copyright.

The birds, it may be observed, are not particularly partial to the food. Their food naturally consists of fish and carrion, and that they prefer a meat diet is obvious to anyone who has watched them consistently.

During hard or stormy weather, when it may be presumed that their maws are empty, they grasp greedily at the pieces of bread offered to them, but as soon as the weather improves, and they are able to obtain more of their natural food, they become fastidious, and pretend to be blind to the crumbs offered them. Even then, however, it is easy to tempt them with meat of any kind. The pleasure of seeing them feed is in itself an ample reward for the trouble entailed. As our photographs show, the birds go through the most beautiful movements when catching their food, and afford an opportunity of displaying their exquisite wings in a great variety of attitudes.

O'ER FIELD & FURROW.

NEXT season will not be one of many changes. Sir John Hume Campbell of Marchmont House is to be the new Master of the North Cotswold, and, although Christmas is past, this is the only change in Mastership of importance that is announced. Sir John Hume Campbell comes of a hunting ancestry.

Nimrod tells of a meet of Lord Elcho's hounds at Marchmont House—a fine old house, and approached by an avenue upwards of a mile in length. The Sir Hume of that day and his brother-in-law, Captain Spottiswoode, are spoken of as very good men across country. It is recorded of the last Earl of Marchmont that, when he was told that the roughness of the exterior of his country seat was not suitable to the splendour of the interior, he replied, "Perhaps not; but I mean to live in the inside, and not on the outside, of my house." At the present time Sir John Hume Campbell is Master of the Ormond, where there are not too many foxes. The other change that is impending is one that breaks a link with the past history of fox-hunting. Sam Morgan has been kennel huntsman and first whipper-in to Lord Galway's hounds for twenty-six years. It is curious that another Morgan, Sam's uncle, and his father (Jack Morgan) both occupied the same position of first whipper-in and kennel huntsman to the famous Sir

Richard Sutton, who hunted his own hounds. It was Jack Morgan, I believe, who when a lad went to Calcutta at a moment's notice with a pack of hounds. The boy who had been engaged for the task proved to be quite incompetent, and was very much afraid of the hounds. Jack was to help him get the hounds on board ship. When the captain saw how things were he told young John to stay aboard, and he went to Calcutta, where he hunted jackals for three years. But then

Jack Morgan had hunting and the care of hounds in his blood. There are now six of the family—or, at least, of the name—on the active list of Hunt servants.

Of all our Royal Family, Prince Christian and his sons and daughters are, perhaps, the keenest about fox-hunting. Prince Christian is one of the oldest, and, apart from his position, one of the most popular, members of the Garth Hunt. Last week he and Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein gave a dinner to some of the leading members—Mr. Gosling, the Master, Lord G. Pratt, Lord A. Hill, Sir Robert Wilmot, M.S.H., Colonel Mackenzie, Mr. Howard Palmer, General Leir Carleton, Major Stanley Barry, and Sir R. Cathcart. This Hunt has quite established itself as a Berkshire institution, showing on what a sound basis Mr. T. C. Garth built up his country. Berkshire and Oxfordshire hunting will have been recalled to the minds of many by Lord Randolph Churchill's life. I daresay he hunted with Mr. Garth, but until his quarrel with Mr. Tom Duffield he certainly used to come out with the Old Berkshire, and he never lost his liking for the Heythrop country.

There is no doubt that there is one feature of the present season that is rather trying to short stables—so many of the best runs have come in the afternoon. Twice I have had to go home without sport, only to hear of a run taking place after I had left. Yet I am quite clear that a one-horse man, hunting with a quick pack, ought not to stay out much after three o'clock. The horse is wanted to come again soon. Were it not that the writer on hunting has to see as much as he can, I should be greatly tempted to go out less often and take two horses out. Still, when the run does take place in the morning, when horse and man are fresh, it is all the more valued. Mr. Fernie's hounds met on Friday at Hallaton, which is one of the most picturesque of Midland villages. On one of the curious pyramidal hills of high Leicestershire is Slawston Gorse, which but for too great a nearness to the railroad would be one of the best-situated coverts in Leicestershire; as it is, it is often the starting-point of delectable hunts. There is never much delay if the foxes are at home, and save for the fact that one often starts downhill, a disagreeable thing with a too-eager horse who knows how to take advantage of the situation, it is a charming wood to get away from. The pack were able to drive their fox over the railway. Foxes have a habit of hanging about railway embankments and dodging backwards and forwards over the line, as though they knew—as, indeed, I think they probably do—of the advantage to be gained by doing this. All the more, therefore, is it a relief to find one's self clear of the railway. Then came a rough and rather formidable stretch of country, past Medbourne, and up the hill to Watson's Gorse. Once again the railroad had to be crossed,



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THE BELVOIR PACK.

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"GONE AWAY!"

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and then hounds worked back towards Slawston, and on to Mr. Bankart's place at Hallaton Hall. After all, the railway helped the fox, for he slipped in not far from Medbourne. Bolted from this, he could not escape a second time, and was killed. Now, although there were many excellent points about this run, it wanted straightness, and, indeed, the fox was never much more than a couple of miles from his starting-point; but the pace at times, the varied country, and the interest of a hunt in which the tastes of rider and hound-lover were equally provided for, made this one of the best hunts of the week.

The Quorn run of the same day was as good, and, when the fox had a clear course, much straighter. Judging by the way hounds ran, there was a scent. The fox evidently knew plenty of country, and had he not been so annoyingly headed, it might well have been the run of the season. But it came late in the day, and I have heard of not a few people who came home saying they had had but a moderate day, as, indeed, the sport in the earlier hours justified them in saying. Thorpe Trussells it was that held the fox which late in the afternoon went away boldly. He was unlucky in meeting several men and dogs on his way. But when a fox has made up his mind he generally makes his point. Unluckily for him hounds, too, were able to run hard as soon as he could set his head straight for the point he wanted to make, wherever it was. So hard did they drive that he was forced almost up to the suburbs of Melton. But foxes, if they cannot do the thing they would, will often try a second course, and with a sharp turn this fox made for the coverts on Gartree Hill. It was soon clear that the plan had succeeded, and that the hunted fox had shifted the danger to another in that well-stocked covert.

I see other writers have taken up the question of earth-stopping, which was raised in these columns some time ago. One is obliged to note these things,

but I have no great hope that earth-stopping will be improved. The defects result from the laziness of human nature which must always be taken into account, and from the fact that no one is a penny the worse in purse or reputation for the bad work. I can recollect in my grandfather's time that the earth-stopper was as sure of a Christmas gift as the huntsman himself, and I remember that if, when returning from hunting, my relative overtook the old man, we always stopped and told him all about the run. It is a good plan, too, in all countries, if a man on the road salutes you with "Had any sport, sir?" or "Did you kill?" to stop and sketch an outline of the day's sport for him. I often receive a warm "Thank you, sir," which shows that some little pleasure has been given, and the interest in hunting has been sustained and widened. I find, as a rule, that hedge-cutters take a great interest in the run. This may be professional, as they mend the gaps we make. X.

IN THE GARDEN.

TOBACCO HYBRIDS.

THE Tobacco we are writing of now is not the plant that gives the "fragrant weed," but a hybrid with *Nicotiana affinis* as a parent. No summer flower is more frequently seen than the white sweet-scented Tobacco called *N. affinis*, and the hybrids show their relationship in many ways, particularly in the size and general appearance of the bloom. There is, however, the difference that in the hybrids we have many colours, with the same distinct perfume, and a wonderful profusion of flowers. It is a debatable point whether they are effective in the garden, and we advise

that the plants be grouped in masses with some leafy background to throw up the beauty of the colouring. Many were disappointed with them last year, but rightly placed they bring a fresh charm to the garden. They may even be grown in pots to advantage, and in this form they have been frequently exhibited at the large shows. The seed should be sown under glass in spring, the plants grown on until they are in 5 in. pots, and when all danger of frost is over, transferred to the open ground.

WEEDY LAWNS.

An instructive little note appears in the recently-issued Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society. It has reference particularly to coarse weeds, and the advice given is as follows: "If the lawn is very bad the best plan is to dig it all up and resow in early April with good seed, procured from a reliable source. The old plan of sweeping out the floor of a hayloft and sowing the produce is the very best way to sow and obtain a magnificent crop of weeds of all sorts. If the lawn is not so bad as to necessitate absolute re-formation, we should advise sowing the lawn with 10z. of sulphate of ammonia to the square yard, first in April, again in May, again in June, and fourthly in July, taking care to distribute it evenly and in dry weather. This will kill all the broad and flat leaved weeds, and encourage the grass, and then, if the mowing is done every week regularly, the coarse grasses will be kept



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A CHECK; A LITTLE HELP WANTED.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

under, and the finer grasses will be able to make headway, and so the lawn will gradually improve; but it must always be borne in mind that a fine English lawn cannot be made in a day or a year, or hardly in one generation. Not more than 10z. to the square yard should be given, or the grass will be burnt in places; it must also be evenly distributed."

VIOLETS IN WINTER

In the same Journal is a note about "Violets in Winter." We all desire the fragrant Violet in the depth of winter, but failure is so general that the cultivation becomes anything but a pleasurable pastime. The writer of the note properly points out the evil of "coddling," that is, keeping the plants in too close an atmosphere. Violets must be grown as hardily as possible, and they do best when treated as annuals, in the sense of taking fresh runners every year and never using the same for two succeeding seasons. The runners should be taken as early as possible in the season; they should be planted in the open in good soil and left to grow; in fact, they will require no attention beyond keeping the ground free from weeds, and syringing the plants frequently in hot or dry weather so as to keep down attacks of red spider, to which Violets are terribly predisposed. In August, or quite early in September, the plants must be lifted with good balls of earth and planted in frames on raised beds made of leaves and litter, with about 6in. of good loam and leaf-mould in equal proportions. The surface of the soil must be about 8in. only from the glass. All runners must, of course, be rigorously cut off, and again we say there must be no coddling. The lights must be kept off as often as possible—indeed, should never be put on except at night unless the weather is foggy, damp, frosty, or wet.

THE TUBEROUS BEGONIA.

It is time the seed of the tuberous Begonia was sown if the plants are to flower in their proper season. The seed is quite small, and must be sown very thinly in a pot or pan filled with a light soil. Water the surface gently with a fine rose can and then sow, afterwards placing a pane of glass on the top of the pan, or whatever receptacle may be in use. Allow this to remain until the seed germinates, and when the little seedlings appear remove them to a lower temperature, such as that of the ordinary greenhouse. When sufficiently large to handle prick them off into other pans or pots, then pot off singly into 3in. size, and finally into 4½in. pots. When the roots have filled the pots a little weak liquid manure occasionally is very beneficial. It will strengthen the growth and promote abundant flowering. When all danger from frost is over, say the first or second week in June, plant the Begonias in the open ground, well preparing beforehand the places they are intended to occupy. Seed may be obtained in distinct colourings, and these will be reproduced quite true to the colours. Many of the varieties are of extreme beauty, the shades of colour varying from the snowiest white to blood crimson, passing through tints of salmon, apricot, scarlet, and crimson, and the flowers look one straight in the face. The double forms, according to our experience, are less satisfactory in the garden than the singles, except the race raised, we believe, by the great French hybridiser, M. Lemoine, who gave us the brilliant little Lafayette, a Begonia of wonderful richness of colouring, an intense crimson, very double, and most effective wherever it is placed. A good crimson variety, grouped with the large-leaved Megasea, or Saxifraga, makes a rich picture, the bold foliage of the Saxifraga hiding the scanty stems of the Begonia.

BEAUTIFUL NEW SWEET PEAS.

The arrival of Mr. Henry Eckford's catalogue of Sweet Peas reminds us that the time for sowing is approaching, and delay in carrying out the work at the right season means a loss of flowers later on. We add new varieties each year to our collection, of course, discarding others, and it will, perhaps, interest readers of these notes to know the sorts that are to be purchased for 1906. The first will be

Henry Eckford, which was the Sweet Pea sensation of last year. It would seem to be impossible to obtain a new colour in this most delightful of all annual flowers, but it has been accomplished. This is a clear pure orange shade, perhaps with a little salmon in it, but the predominant tone is orange. There is nothing even similar to it, but combined with this shining tint is perfect form, an agreeable size, and strength of stem to support the burden of bloom. We look forward to the flowering of a few plants of this wonderful addition to the Sweet Peas.

Queen Alexandra—It is the general opinion of experts that this variety will eventually displace Scarlet Gem, a flower which in the garden was much burnt by the sun in summer. It belongs to the scarlet-flowered group, and is a fine example of this type. The colour is remarkably rich and strong, the petals firm to the touch, and both broad and long. It flowers with great freedom, and the colouring remains pure and fresh even in the hottest sun. As the raiser, Mr. Eckford, writes, "This grand flower does not burn in the sun, an advantage of no mean value."

Evelyn Byatt.—This was raised, or sent out, by Messrs. Watkin and Simpson of Tavistock Street, Covent Garden. It is reminiscent of a variety named Gorgeous, but an improvement even upon that beautiful flower. The colour is distinctly a salmon orange, which is most intense on the wings, this gradation of shading giving great charm to the flower.

Phyllis Unwin.—This is quite a break away from the foregoing in colour, being deep rose flushed with carmine, and the wavy standards relieve the flower of stiffness and formality. It is not unusual to find four blooms on the stem when the plants are well grown. This is the quartette we intend to add to our collection this year. Of those tried last year Bolton's Pink gave as much satisfaction as any. It is a lovely flower, pure rose and pink in colour, very large, but refined, and in all ways worthy of a place in the garden.

A GREENHOUSE ACACIA.

"II." writes: "In the early months of the year many of the Australian Acacias are in flower, but in early winter they are few in number. One, however, well merits a place among the finest greenhouse shrubs for flowering now—*Acacia platyptera*, which is thickly studded with its globular tufts of golden bloom, and when the plant is in good health a succession is maintained for some time. During its earlier stages this Acacia must be freely stopped, in order to lay the foundation of a bushy growth; after which it may be allowed to grow at will to a great extent. In this way it naturally forms a loose, open bush of a somewhat upright growth, and for grouping it is excellent. A striking feature of this Acacia is that, except during the very



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CLIMBING ROSES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

earliest stages, it has neither true leaves nor the leaf-like phyllodes so common in many Austral acacias. The functions of the leaves are performed by the curious wings which are attached to either side of the stem, and from which the name of *platyptera* is derived. These wings are green, and in many cases about half an inch in width."

NORFOLK FONTS.

THE prominence given to fonts in English parish churches is an architectural characteristic of the country, as they have not, comparatively speaking, the same importance or artistic attention in many parts of the Continent. As the Eastern Counties are largely filled with churches of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, chiefly rebuilt on much older foundations, there exist in consequence a variety of fonts which show examples of various styles of architecture, from Norman to the rich treatment of the fifteenth century, to which last the greater portion of the Norfolk fonts appertain. Norfolk is particularly rich in what may be termed fonts of the seven sacraments, the county possessing as many as sixteen, a larger number than anywhere else in East Anglia, and which are likewise famous among architectural examples of their order.

These fine specimens have no small interest; their carving and rendering of subject is often quaint in treatment, but their general appearance and design are frequently rich and graceful in outline.

The subjects of these illustrations represent four different examples of fonts taken from the county of Norfolk, three specimens having no great divergence of architectural period; the fourth example, however, which stands in the church of the parish of Toftrees, is of Early Norman date, and would be a somewhat rare specimen in any county.

Fakenham font is a characteristic design of the fifteenth century, and a good example of bold outline and strong relief. Each octagonal division is framed with pillars, and the panels therein are carved with the emblems of the four Evangelists; the other panels that are upon the

other side of the font contain the emblems of the Trinity and Passion, and the arms of France and England. The stem of the font bears in every division the crowned monogram of a conjoint H and L, the former representing the name of Henry, and the latter the word Lancaster. It was during the reign of Henry VI. that the church of Fakenham was chiefly built, and here it is also upon record that a light was kept continually burning in his honour. Fakenham was, moreover, in the Duchy of Lancaster, and continued in the Crown until Charles I. granted it to one of the Fermors of East Barsham, a few miles away. The same crowned monogram is carved over the western door of the church, repeated alternately in a line of shields, which severally bear the crossed keys and swords, emblems of St. Peter and St. Paul, the Apostles to whom the church is dedicated. The church itself, built under a Royal patron and liberal donors, attained some size, and it is of interest that the arms of Henry Chichele, Archbishop of Canterbury, are carved above the western entrance, which makes it highly probable that he, a great patron of architecture, was likewise a donor to the church of Fakenham.

In former times the font had a tall cover, of a fashion which in past days was common to the fonts of the Eastern Counties, and it is recorded that there was inscribed upon it: "Orate pro aia Ade Plowryte et Alicie uxoris ejus, et omnium benefactor suor. qui istud opus fieri face-runt in honore Dei omnipotentis, Amen." The cover with its inscription was in being in quite the early part of the nineteenth century, by which time, however, some individual — of probably no higher perceptions than his contemporaries — daubed over both font canopy and inscription with stone-coloured paint, presumably not in "honore Dei omnipotentis." The pious offering of Ade and Alicie Plowryte has now disappeared, having gone the way of all flesh, like its donors.

Cawston font is of a different treatment of design to that of Fakenham, and, though rich in detail, the cutting of its stonework, from a sculptural point of view, is neither so bold nor effective. The square panels of its octagonal bowl are flanked by niches, and the stem of the font, which is a rich piece of design, has lost any figures that may have stood on the pedestals. The whole fabric, doubtless, was a treatment that depended as much on colour for its effect as its carving, for there are plenty of indications that it was largely painted, though too little colour remains to determine what sort of subjects may have adorned the canopied panels. The colouring of stone in the Gothic period had often a very

doubtful effect as to the embellishment of the object. In the fifteenth century, and the latter part of the fourteenth, the painting of woodwork, such as screens, or the stained glass and heraldry of windows, were more often than not rich and beautiful, as can be seen from what has remained into our own time; but the effect in the same treatment of stone often accorded ill with the material, besides which it had a tendency to extravagance, among other drawbacks. What might be of great beauty in the frescoes, or colour in Italian or Southern churches, very rarely operated well in the far North, and certainly our own day has

seen a garish result on the pure Gothic of the Sainte Chapelle in Paris.

Cawston font is not raised high on a series of ornate steps like some others in the county; its platform, or single step, is, however, richly adorned with shield and quatre-foil. The canopied cover has been in some measure restored, but it is a good example of its period. Norfolk still possesses some rich objects of this kind. The best type are generally high and spiral; some were painted in panels with saints and apostles, after the manner of the rood-screens, and they were mostly in the day of their prosperity richly gilt and highly adorned. The method of raising a tall and spiral canopy was generally from a projecting beam on the western gallery of the tower; in the case of Cawston the beam and windlass are intact. The same arrangement may be seen in other places, but there are not wanting instances where the canopy was locked down on the font, access to the holy water being arranged for by a door in the wooden panels that opened upon the interior of the bowl. The lion font in Blickling Church, in the near neighbourhood of Cawston, is a type that has something of the same arrangement in a few other places in Norfolk. Although that of Blickling is as quaint and peculiar as any, its design is strong in treatment and decorative, the bowl especially so; it was once highly coloured, the panels still retaining some remains in each compartment.

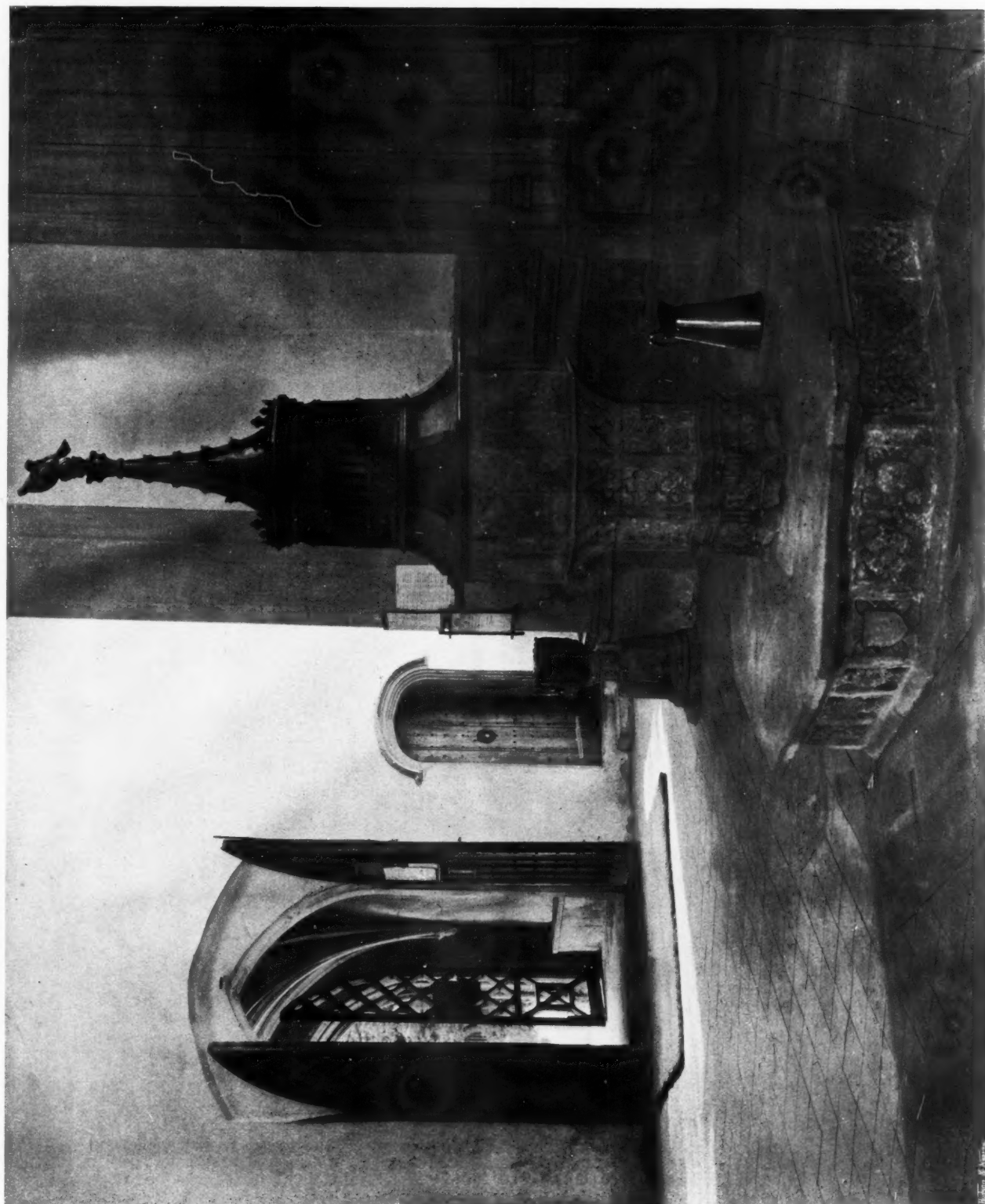
Why the lion sejant has been given such preference in this case is a matter the explanation of which has been lost in the mist of time. The dedication of the church is not that of St. Mark, but of St. Andrew, and unless it was the badge of the donor of the font, or one of the charges on his armorial coat, there is nothing to explain the presence of the king of beasts, whose affability of mien is truly reassuring, and whose disposition of tail not only greatly assists to furnish and embellish the panel, but is as non-combative as the sacred precincts demand. Winged angels support the base of the bowl, below



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BLICKLING CHURCH.

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CAWSTON CHURCH: WEST END OF NAVE WITH FONT.

F. H. Evans.

which the oak leaf is entwined, and the font's stem is further flanked by other lions, but in this instance their tails were apparently not necessary to complete the design. Most periods of work with real character bear their peculiar interest, and this font of the lions, of a surety not lacking in this quality, has a charm of its own in a quaint and almost heraldic design, possibly the gift of some devout soldier of the period who would have his cognisance upon its panels; or, peradventure, being that of some forgotten family or guild, the lions still mount guard round the font, but tell no tale of the donor, who has ceased to be even a memory.

Blickling is a church of a Norman foundation, and among its other interests it has been the burial-place of several notable families, to whom the ancient hall hard by, together with its manor, has belonged; this last, in the distant past, was once possessed by King Harold.

Of early examples of Norman fonts in Norfolk, Toftrees has as much interest as many among a variety in the county; there are specimens, however, somewhat older and more archaic. At Sculthorpe, a neighbouring church to Toftrees, there is a curious Norman font, uncommon to the period, upon which is rudely carved the Adoration of the Three Kings, the Virgin and Child, and St. Joseph. At Burnham Deepdale there is yet another even earlier, and supposed to be of Saxon work, representing the seasons of the year in a fashion that almost recalls the drawing of the Bayeux tapestry, and it has in some ways a resemblance to one at Walton Church, Surrey.

The font of Toftrees is richly ornamented with the characteristic Norman cable and strap-work, having the otherwise rugged and rocky form appertaining to its early time; some forty years ago it was carefully put in order, for it had suffered through neglect, although it had apparently escaped the ruthless handling of the Puritan. The heads at the four corners of the square bowl are supposed to be those of lambs, and another a wolf in sheep's clothing; but the carving is almost too archaic for anything more than an approximate judgment being formed as to their identity.

In general, Norfolk possesses a great variety of fonts, and although it is not so rich as the South of England in Norman examples, it yet has considerable range of fancy in the other orders of architecture. At Brundall, in the same county, there is to be seen the curious variety of a font with its exterior bowl covered with lead, and ornamented in the same material with fleurons and the remains of small figures. The earliest and probably most



F. H. Evans. IN TOFTREES CHURCH.

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THE TOFTREES FONT.

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ornate type of Early Norman font in Norfolk is to be found in Castle Rising, which is also a church of great antiquity.

"OH BALTIMORE!"

THE two brown-visaged, blue-eyed fishermen had been singing brief snatches of old songs at the oar all morning. Wild melodies in strange minor keys—strange, sweet, and of a curiously haunting quality.

Sometimes I recognised an air and words familiar to me from my childhood; but this was not the county where that childhood had been passed, and the songs were not the songs I knew. It was a morning filled with sun, the sky high and softly blue, deepening in the height into ultramarine, fainting, where it reached the line between sea and heaven, into the palest, loveliest turquoise, dipped to the heaving greenness of the running wave. Now and again a great piled-up cloud, snowy white, with edges touched to gold, sailed majestically overhead, casting a purple shadow on the racing seas. The wind sang joyously; the hills were like the Hills of Dream, amethystine and sapphire, black where the woods hung over the caves along the gleaming shore. Shamus and Dermot were showing me the sea gardens in the long, narrow caves that run under the cliffs of Cuirt na Nuishire; they rowed out and in between the high fern-grown walls of grey rock, and I looked over the stern at the wonderful land below—the enchanted gardens and flower-bordered ways of Tir-go-Thuinn, the brown land under the wave. It was very beautiful down there, with tall palm-like plants of green and amber and scarlet, stretching up with wavering fronds through the greenness of the ebb and the flow. Now and again a tern cried as it flew, and the shadow was as if it sped beneath the wave among the shining rainbow gleams of mackerel and gurnet. Sometimes a lordly salmon, silvery white and smooth, stirred the sea flowers of orange and violet on his way to the cornelian-white waters of Arraghidee.

This in one cave; in another the lobsters, moving black on the snow-white floor of sand; in another a shoal of sprats, glimmering like the phosphorescence on a tropical sea, like fireflies in a tropical night; in yet another, where the wind and sea echoed sobbingly through a funnel-shaped blowhole, murmuring and whispering like one in dire despair, a sea-otter lay on the purple dullish and white Irish moss. It looked at us with brave unflinching eyes, never moving a limb, never stirring a hair, just looking at us with those fierce, brave eyes, as a man might have done had he been bound up in that smooth shining body, and cared not if we brought death to release him from its narrow bonds. It was at the mouth of this cave, where the wind and tide mourned unceasingly all the while, as the boat rocked on the swell, that Shamus hoisted the sail, and Dermot, pointing down, said in the soft, sweet Irish voice: "It will be down there, your honour, that a pirate ship was wrecked. Look at now! your may be seein' the ould guns." But I saw no guns, nor yet the outline of the buried pirate, which Shamus professed lay plain

to the eye. There was only the sea sand and the waving flowers of Tir-go-Thuinn. The sail billowed out, and the boat, with the gunwale hissing along the green wave, was making for the Old Head of Kinsale, the wind dancing behind us.

Dermot folded his arms, and looked out from under the peak of his old cap at the grey rocks behind, singing again softly under his breath. How many a night I had fallen asleep to that song in my little childhood. I saw as he sang, plain as if I had gone back to that time, the reflection of the dancing flame in the black oak panelling across the room, as Brigid sat by the piled-up peats on the hearth and sang to me in my bed.

"Oh Baltimore, thou wert once the
boast
Of the great O'Driscoll and his
host."

How many a tear I shed over that tragical history, in the days when tears for others came so easily—I had so few to shed for myself. And surely that nameless daughter of the fierce Irish chieftain was a subject to melt the most obdurate—that lovely high-born maiden, who was carried away by the Moors, to her death. I remembered every word of it, as if it had been but yesterday I listened to it last. I wondered how it had conveyed to me, in that far-off childhood, such sense of illimitable woe, such finality of tragedy. For the verses are uncouth, the sorrow and bitterness almost hidden in the commonplace of the words. Had it been written in the Erse it would have melted a heart of stone. In the English the poet was not at home. His muse was hobbled by a vocabulary of necessities:

"O'Driscoll gazed round on sea and
land,
And called to his vassels on the
strand,
Ready his com'mands they did
obey,
To launch his galleys to the say.

Little he knew of the fatal day,
When the Algerines would come
that way;
Come with fire and sword and
slaughter,
And carry away O'Driscoll's daugh-
ter . . ."

The boat heeled over precariously, and for a moment we held ourselves braced against the side, across the great rollers, as they swept inwards to the bay. Then once more on a level keel, with a full sail:

"Behold her anguish and her fears!
Chained a poor captive to Algiers;
Whilst before her captor she
stood,
She white as snow, and he black
and rude.
The sun about her brightly shone,
O'Driscoll's daughter was all alone,
His love and his treasures alike she
did scorn,
For this pure young maiden was
nobly born.

While he swore she would love him, soon the best,
She drove a dagger into his breast.
He loudly screamed, and on Allah cried,
Fell down unto the ground and died.
When she was told that she must die,
She thought of her home, and heaved a sigh;
Made her peace with God—with pious love,
And her spirit flew to its home above.
Thy pride was gone, and thy glory o'er,
With O'Driscoll's daughter—Oh Baltimore!"

With her, the glory of the brave, hard-fighting race from which she sprang departed; with her, proud Baltimore fell down from its high places and was built no more. Crude as the telling is, the story is terrible, because the thing so baldly set forth is true. The O'Driscoll's daughter, a beautiful young girl of eighteen, was carried off to Algiers, and forced to enter the harem of the Moorish chief. She stabbed him, and was murdered. In a measure her capture and death were retribution on her family and clan. They had always been a pirate race themselves, who ravished and laid waste all round the coast. Proud Baltimore was rich with the spoils of every Southern town, and



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THE FONT IN FAKENHAM CHURCH.

Showing crowned monogram of Henry of Lancaster.

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her favourite victim was Waterford, a safe port for merchantmen once they got there. Baltimore had given shelter to the pirates of other nations; any ship might ride safely in her harbour. Spanish, Portuguese, and Algerian alike sought refuge there—and never failed to find it. But till 1631 the honour which subsists among birds of a feather kept the foreigner's hands off it. While it was warned it was safe. But, as in every disaster that ever happened to the Irish, treachery gave it helpless into the hand of the enemy. A fisherman of Dungarvan piloted the

Moorish vessels up past the islands, and left them in the harbour. It was late in the gloaming of a sweet June night. The children were playing late; the young men and maidens lingered by the shore; the turf fires burnt low on the hearths; perhaps there would be dancing and singing in the market-place; for the O'Driscoll were a gay people. They went to their beds happy and safe, and were wakened to chains and slavery. The Algerines raided the castle and stripped the town bare. None but a few old and sick were left in Baltimore to see the morning sun. From then till now it has been a stricken place. Beautiful in its wide half-moon of fine white sand, its spacious harbour where ships may ride safely in the loudest storm, and its quiet, heather-clad hills. But few walk its streets where once so many trod busily, and O'Driscoll's castle crumbles in the south-west wind among the sea pinks and ferns. Here and there a plump olive-skinned baby, a tall, large-eyed maiden, recalls the fact that the Spanish and Italians knew "Valentimore," as they called it; but they come no more. Piracy is less popular as a profession than it was.

It seems so impossible that such bloodthirsty and terrible folk could ever have peopled this silent place. It is, even with a knowledge of what has passed, difficult to reconcile 1430 and 1905. Pirates!—and in the possessions of the British Crown. Almost at the King's elbow! So notorious was Baltimore in 1450 that a special Act of Parliament had to be passed against the O'Driscoll. In 1461 they went back, after a brief rest, to their old trade, and were defeated by Waterford, whom they met in battle while in league with the Powers, at a place called Ballymacdane, where the O'Driscoll and his six sons were taken prisoners, and paraded triumphantly in the streets. Baltimore forgot this little episode under the next O'Driscoll. He sallied forth and harried the rich towns on the coast, and filled Baltimore with merriment once more. There was a wild roystering blade of an O'Driscoll in Elizabeth's time, who fairly won her heart by his boldness. And Elizabeth loved a man! Her fleet lay becalmed off Baltimore, and he entertained the men and

officers to such a tune that the Virgin Queen pressed him to visit her, that she might repay his hospitality. But O'Driscoll, remembering certain doings of his own, and that unrepented Act, thought it better and safer to be thanked at a distance. He did not go.

The Spaniards took Baltimore after that from Sir Finin O'Driscoll, who won it back again in spite of the store of ammunition and the great guns they had put in his castle. Then, in the time of James I., it once more stark in the nostrils of the traders, and was denounced as "a harbour and place of refuge for most bloody and murderous pirates, of whom the chief, O'Driscoll, was the head and leader." It had gone back to its old ways, and "the Poet's retribution" fell upon it immediately afterwards. "He that takes to freebooting will be ravaged by pirates." Baltimore was ravaged as surely no other town ever was, and hardly a word in history about it. The towers are hardly discernible, the keep lies in ruins; of all the proud walls not one is standing. The houses of grey stone, roofed with slate, where lace and silk and brocades were so common in days when these things were for kings and queens and great lords alone, are mere heaps in the roaming wind and drifting Atlantic sands.

In the great harbour lie the little fishing-boats, belonging to the School of Fisheries. The sea-pink and the lilac widow's-flower grow everywhere; brambles and silvery fern. Baltimore is beautiful to look on still, with a wild melancholy beauty, that half tells her former glory.

"Shamus," said I, "it will be a long while since O'Driscoll's daughter was reft away."

"Mabby," he conceded in the soft slow Southern tongue, "not so long back so, but what we will be speakin' of it still."

The Celtic memory for things unwritten is curiously long, the Celtic heart strangely faithful to the tragic and beautiful. But I wish it was in the Erse they had written of O'Driscoll's daughter, and the pride of Baltimore. FRANCES CAMPBELL.

INSECT MASQUERADES.

IN the eyes of the naturalist the world is a vast arena, and every creature a gladiator engaged in a fierce combat with a myriad of enemies—a combat in which mercy is unknown, in which thumbs are relentlessly turned down, and in which treachery and cunning are qualities as virtuous



THE INDIAN KALLIMA.
Four specimens are here shown.



HICKORY HORNED DEVIL.
Harmless, but terrifying in aspect.

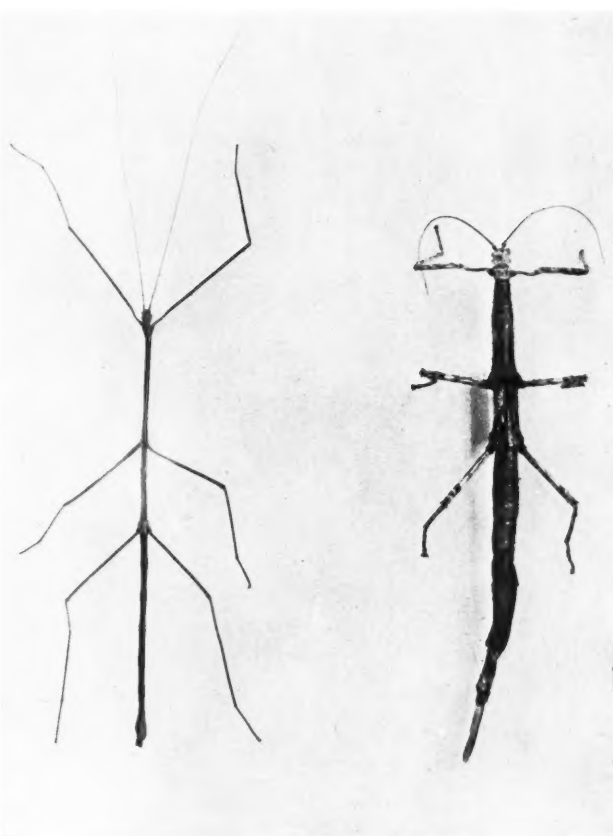
as courage and strength. Not merely in the instinctive hatred of one animal for another is this combat rooted, but chiefly in the lust of life, in the desire to escape starvation. Lack of food means weakness to an animal; and weakness means death. Every hour, every minute, every second, this bloody battle is waged. Darwin called this incessant warfare "natural selection," or "the struggle for existence"—terms that have taken their place in the vocabulary of everyday life. Although the weapons and the tactics employed in this struggle are much the same among both the higher and the lower animals, the most striking confirmation of the Darwinian theory is to be

found in the insect world. In that world we find that both the hunter and the hunted have unconsciously contrived almost incredibly subtle artifices for outwitting each other, and that each insect is given a disguise by Nature designed to render its wearer invisible to his foe and sometimes to his prey.

We have been told that one method whereby the weak are enabled to escape the strong, and the cowards to elude the brave, consists in a protective simulation of surrounding objects. For the same reason that a woodsman has clad himself in green ever since the days of Robin Hood, many insects have adopted liveries that harmonise closely with the flowers and the trees upon which they habitually repose. So exact is the protective resemblance that even the professional collector is often deceived.

Instances of this form of concealment are well-nigh innumerable. The *Catocala* moth, a widely-distributed genus, is conspicuous enough in flight; but once it rests on a tree trunk, flattened against the bark, with its well-defined dark hind wings drawn beneath the mottled grey fore wings, it defies discovery. So accurately has Nature painted and spotted the fore wings to imitate the effect of rough bark that the most vigilant enemy of the moth must pass it by. Often the adaptation is so refined that these moths are tinted to resemble one tree more closely than another, because that particular kind of tree is usually selected for feeding or for rest. Thus we find a species of *Catocala* that looks for all the world like a piece of birch bark, even to the blotches of black.

A certain South American beetle is found on one kind of tree only, and is so marvellously well assimilated to the bark that it can be discovered only when it stirs. Some caterpillars that live on trees resemble the lichens and moss of bark, the imitation being so true that the tuft-like appearance of such growths is produced. The numerous species of the tiger beetle all vary in colour to suit their surroundings, some having the sandy colour of the sea-shore where they are found; some simulating the green, wet, slimy stones on which they crawl; and some finding protection in a dun-coloured disguise that is an accurate reproduction in colour of the leaf-strewn forest soil where they abound. They are all of one family, these beetles, and yet no two species are exactly alike in hue. To escape its enemies each has donned a mask best suited for its purpose in its struggle for existence.



WALKING-STICK INSECTS.

Gardeners sometimes prune these by mistake.

A moth usually rests with his fore wings outspread over the prominent pattern of his hind wings. In any other posture he would inevitably meet a swift death. A butterfly, on the contrary, rests usually with his wings uplifted and pressed together. Otherwise, the gaudy upper surface would be as conspicuous as the black ink on this white paper—a signal for attack by relentless and voracious foes. In order to hide himself the butterfly has, therefore, lavished all the resources of his imitative art on the under surface of his wings. By far the most astonishing instance of this kind is afforded by the East Indian *Kallima* butterfly, the blue upper surface of which is richly and ostentatiously adorned with a stripe of orange, but the under surface of which bears a truly staggering likeness to a leaf when the wings are drawn together. Here we have an insect that apes not merely the approximate shape and colour of a dead leaf, but also the midrib with the delicate veining, the sharp point, and the short stem common to many tropical leaves. It might be supposed that this imitation of an ordinary object is sufficiently minute to protect the *Kallima* from its enemies.

Self-preservation apparently demands touches even more exquisite, for the resemblance has been so craftily carried out, that not merely is a dead leaf simulated, but in the lighter-coloured varieties, a dead, shrivelled leaf flecked with parasitic growths, stained, and spotted to give the appearance of holes eaten by caterpillars.

Is it any wonder that Alfred Russell Wallace, trained naturalist, keen-eyed observer, was unable to find the *Kallima*

when it sought refuge from his net in a bush of dead leaves? How absolutely impenetrable is this disguise may be gathered from the circumstance that *Kallima* butterflies so successfully elude their enemies that they are among the most common in India, Ceylon, and the Malay Archipelago. Hardly two specimens are exactly alike. The colours vary within as wide limits as the hues of decaying leaves.

Additional examples of the incredible fidelity with which insects have adapted themselves to their environment could be given almost without number. There are "walking-sticks," familiar

probably to every country-bred boy, that conform perfectly to a spray of twigs with all the polished nodes, and must actually be touched before one can be persuaded that they are living things; locusts that can scarcely be told from young,



ORANGE TIP BUTTERFLIES.

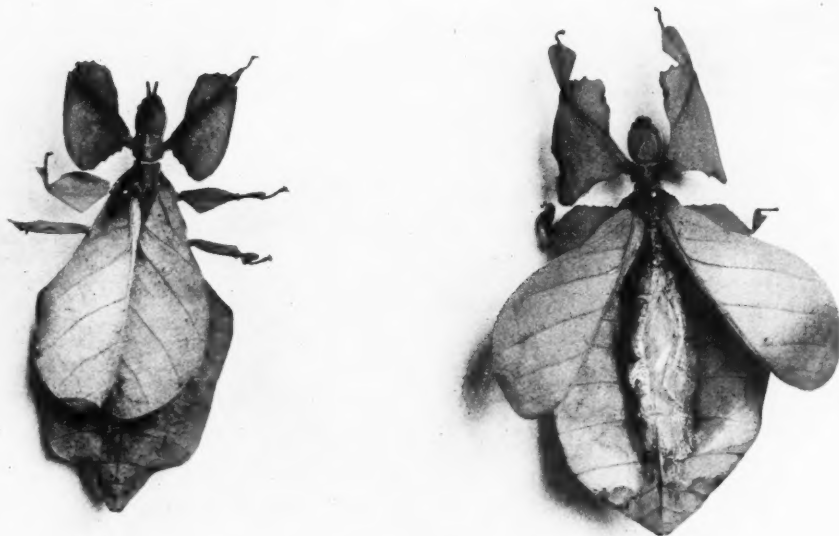
Hovering over flowers of mustard plant.

uncurling leaves; spiders that deceive their prey with pitiful ease by their fatal resemblance to a knot on a tree branch; caterpillars that escape the ready beaks of hungry birds by assuming the rigidity, shape, and coloration of a twig with its knobs and buds, only to fall a prey to the pruning shears of some gardener on whom they have too successfully imposed; and some phasmids known to entomology as the genus *Phyllium*, persecuted by insect-

eaters into so excellent a likeness to a fresh green leaf that, when they crawl among foliage, they seem not insects at all, but just a moving mass of leaves. The boughs of an oak may often be infested with larvæ that pass muster for budding sprigs. Eggs are laid not only upon the exact plant that will constitute the future caterpillar's food, but on the under side of leaves that most nearly resemble him in colour. Never is a mistake made by the mother. If a caterpillar lives on grass he is sure to be ribbed and veined up and down like grass; if he feeds on broad leaves he will display a midrib and branching, vein-like streaks. Men who make it their business to capture the larvæ of the Death's-head moth, because they receive so much for each specimen, find but one in many days—all because the yellow and green of the potato plant on which it lives and the lavender of the flowers are so wonderfully well copied.

Immunity from attack would be only temporarily attained if insects were not able to adapt themselves to those chromatic changes in their surroundings caused by the seasons. Verdant leaves are, after all, an accompaniment of spring and summer alone, and a creature dressed in green would be infallibly betrayed by its glaring contrast with the russet hues of autumn. But Nature's disguise conceals its wearers even in these dire straits.

Some caterpillars—that of the Privet Hawk moth is a pertinent instance—have the wonderful power of modifying their coloration to suit their environment. When complete growth has been attained, they creep from their summer abode of green foliage to the dark ground. Because their green-patched livery would be fatally inappropriate when this migration occurs, we find them just before their descent assuming a jacket of brown that harmonises admirably with their new tenement. On the other hand, some of the "stick caterpillars"—among them that of the August Thorn moth, which would meet a speedy death but for their resemblance to the twigs of the elm on which they feed—discard their modest dress of brown for one of green when the cocoon stage of development is reached and the background against which they

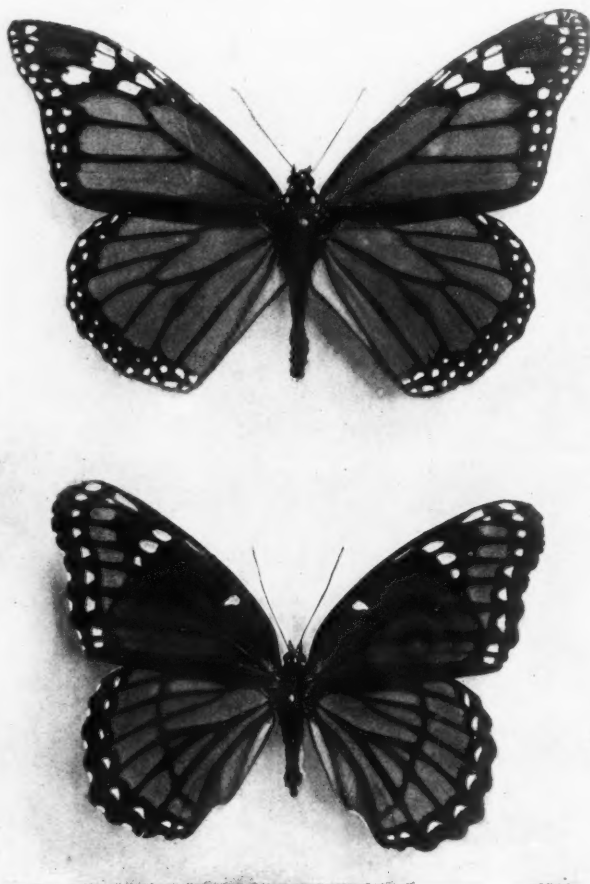


THE WALKING LEAF OF INDIA.

Even the legs resemble uncurling leaves.

are seen is one of leaves. So marvellously assimilative are some larvæ, and so far-reaching is the law of natural selection, that sometimes two differently-coloured caterpillars of the same moth may exist side by side. The most striking example of this phenomenon is afforded by the large Emerald moth, the caterpillars of which are sometimes brown, sometimes green, depending upon the surroundings in which they live. Not every insect in the world is a fac-simile of a leaf, or a twig, or a piece of bark. Every meadow on a summer day swarms with a winged host blatantly heralding its existence by colours that must seem cordial invitations to its enemies. Why is it that they are not attacked? For a long time that question puzzled Darwin. Here are countless creatures roaming the world, flaunting themselves in the sunshine, courting death. After much futile speculation, it was finally ascertained that many of these gaily-tinted denizens of the air are horribly distasteful to insect-eating epicureans, and frequently endowed with the most nauseous qualities. They find their salvation by advertising themselves, boldly and flamboyantly. Their colours are danger-signals not to be disregarded. The light yellow body of the caterpillar that develops into the Magpie moth is gaudily spotted with orange and black. A little experimental tasting has taught every bird, lizard, and frog to avoid the creature that wears these colours. The caterpillar that strips the foliage of our oaks and elms toward the close of summer is likewise a squirming cylinder of black, yellow, and orange. Insect-eaters reject it often with signs of intense disgust. And thus red and black lady-birds, yellow-striped hornets, wasps, and bees, black and red beetles, and a host of insects preserve themselves by brazenly proclaiming their offensive tastes or odours or dangerous stings to all the inimical world.

Other insects that would prove delicious morsels to greedy foes have not been slow to profit by the immunity that is granted by a warning garb. They have actually mimicked obnoxious species protected by garish hues in order to escape death themselves; and this with such amazing accuracy that not only is the enemy completely tricked, but even the collector. Wallace tells us that one of the crickets of the Philippine Islands is so minute a copy of a certain hostile tiger beetle that a famous entomologist placed it in his cabinet of beetles, and retained it there for a long time before he discovered his mistake. In the jungles of the Amazon species of butterflies are found that mimic the species *Heliconidæ*. Entomologically they are all as distinct



ALIKE IN LOOKS, BUT NOT IN TASTE.

The lower edible one mimics the top, which is uneatable.

as horses and cows, and yet the one species is a photographically exact counterfeit of the other. The *Heliconidæ* possess an atrocious odour and are vile to the taste, and accordingly are as brilliantly conspicuous as oxeye daisies in a green field. So free are they from attack that they flap lazily along, utterly indifferent to danger, and perfectly secure in their sickening attributes. The mimickers so cleverly copy the markings, form of wings, and heavy flight of the *Heliconidæ* that spiders drop them from their webs, and small monkeys reject them, despite their palatability. In almost every box of butterflies sent to our museums from South America, *Heliconidæ* are to be found placed side by side with imitators, under the impression that they are all of the same species. Some Clear Wing moths are such exact reproductions of hornets that most of us would shrink from them in fear. The mimicry is consistently carried out, too; for, when seized, the insect actually moves its body as if it were about to sting.

It should not be supposed that self-defence is always the primary object of this masquerade. There are insects of prey as well as birds of prey, and these cunningly adopt mimicry as a strategic weapon. Certain tropical spiders that subsist on ants are as like their prey as the proverbial two peas. Some parasitic flies live in the larval stage upon the larvæ of bees and wasps. The parent fly boldly enters the nest of a bee, lays the eggs from which the larvæ are to develop, and departs unmolested.

Many a defenceless insect resorts to the expedient of terrifying its enemies by its likeness to a dangerous animal, or by suddenly assuming a horrible aspect. The principle is about the same as that of frightening a child by grimacing at it. Like this gentle parental method of correction, it fails as often as it succeeds. The most successful terror-inspiring masker is probably the "hickory-horned devil," a perfectly harmless caterpillar of the Royal Persimmon moth of the Southern United States, but so fiercely threatening in appearance that it enjoys an unenviable reputation for deadliness. Its green body, often 1 ft. in length, is capped by a vivid orange crown, which, on the approach of an enemy, is ominously shaken in a way that makes a rattlesnake seem lamb-like in comparison. A certain South American caterpillar startled its discoverer by its unpleasant resemblance to a viper. Indeed, snake-like appearances are not unusual. A part with such dramatic possibilities of intimidation presupposes an actor of considerable size; and accordingly we find that the caterpillars who assume it are often 1 ft. or more in length.

These wonderful species of insects, it has been stated, are all of them products of the struggle for existence. In order to

grasp the significance of that struggle as well as its necessity, and to show how leaf-like and bark-like insects developed from older and less adequately concealed forms, we must not forget the fundamental principle that all organisms tend to reproduce their kind in geometrical ratio, and that offspring, although similar to their parents, are yet possessed of useful, inheritable differences.

If all insects were permitted to live the world would be devastated by them. It happens, however, that their enemies likewise multiply in geometrical ratio, so that a proper balance is maintained. So numerous are these enemies, and so powerful, that sometimes the quest of food is anything but successful. The food of one beetle is consumed by another; rain and wind, cold and heat, kill many butterflies; in a word, premature death falls upon a creature in a thousand and one ways. Although the offspring always outnumber their parents, yet the number of living insects, thanks to birds and beasts of prey, remains fairly constant.

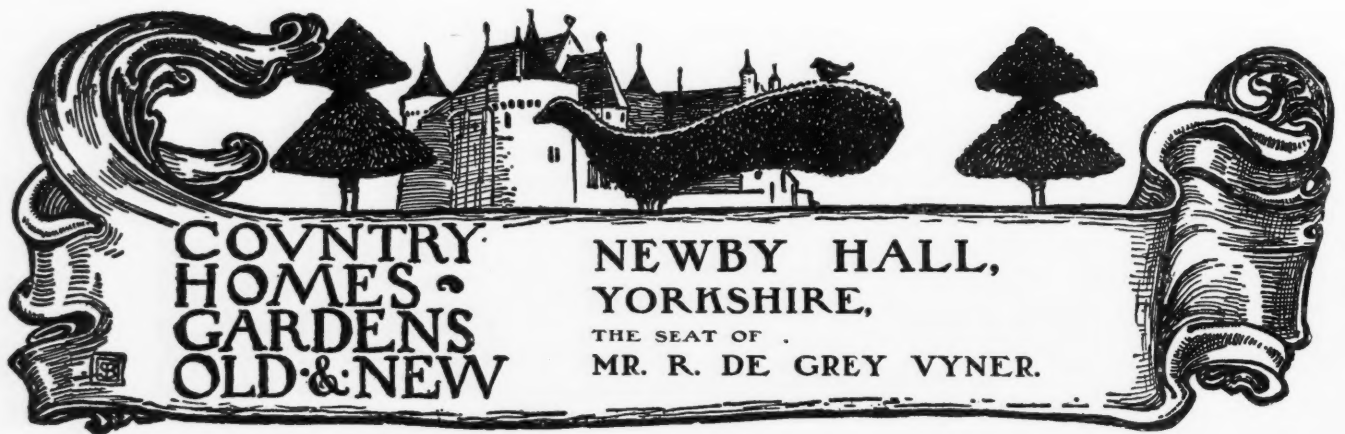
Because of this rapid propagation, and because of the struggle that prevents an overwhelming accumulation of any one species, the exquisite adaptations of butterflies to leaves and of moths to bark have been produced. A colossal assumption must be made, however, before we can fully understand how protective resemblance and mimicry have played their part in the struggle for life—an assumption that is, indeed, the weakest spot in the Darwinian theory. Natural selection presupposes that every marking, every tint, every peculiarity of habit must have been useful at some time in the history of a species; and that these characteristics are not only inherited, but intensified as they are transmitted. Millions of years ago the Kallima butterfly was not the beautiful counterfeit leaf of to-day. Probably it was like many another butterfly. And like other butterflies, it was unsparingly persecuted by hostile



THE HAWK MOTH.

The caterpillar is the same colour as the leaves, the moth as the bark.

insect-eaters. Of this primeval stock some members were preserved, because of some slight markings or colour which their ancestors did not possess—characteristics, in a word, that brought them more in chromatic harmony with their environment. These markings and colours were transmitted. The offspring intensified whatever resemblance there was to a leaf, until finally the adaptation reached its present perfection. After that the Kallima was fairly secure and increased abundantly. Although many naturalists are inclined to doubt the possibility of intensifying useful characteristics by heredity, and have advanced theories that new species are not necessarily the products of age-long evolution, but sports of Nature, or spasmodic phenomena, it cannot be denied that the teachings of Darwin still hold a dominating place in biology.



NEWBY HALL is one of those places which seem to embody in themselves the character and qualities of their successive owners. The plain and solid form of the structure, the picturesqueness of the added wings, and the grace of the surroundings all seem to be invested with the spirit of the eighteenth century, perhaps of somewhat earlier times, and certainly of later days, which have seen the further adornment of the house. A family taking their name from the place was seated at Newby in the Middle Ages, and the Crosslands held it in the reign of Charles II., Sir John Crossland dying in 1670. The next possessor was Sir Edward Blackett, second baronet, who purchased the estates and was the builder of the older part of the present house. His father, Sir William Blackett, had acquired a great fortune by working collieries in the neighbourhood of Newcastle; but the son, seeking a more delectable region for his residence, pitched on the beautiful valley of the Ure, to the south-west of Ripon, where he erected his mansion in a fine situation, commanding a magnificent view of the lovely country, with a prospect of the river winding its way towards York. Hargrove, in an early edition of his "History of Knaresborough," says that "the situation was chosen and the building designed by Sir Christopher

Wren"—a statement for which there is no sufficient warranty; and he added that the place was of brick, with "avenues, shrubberies, and walks disposed with much elegance."

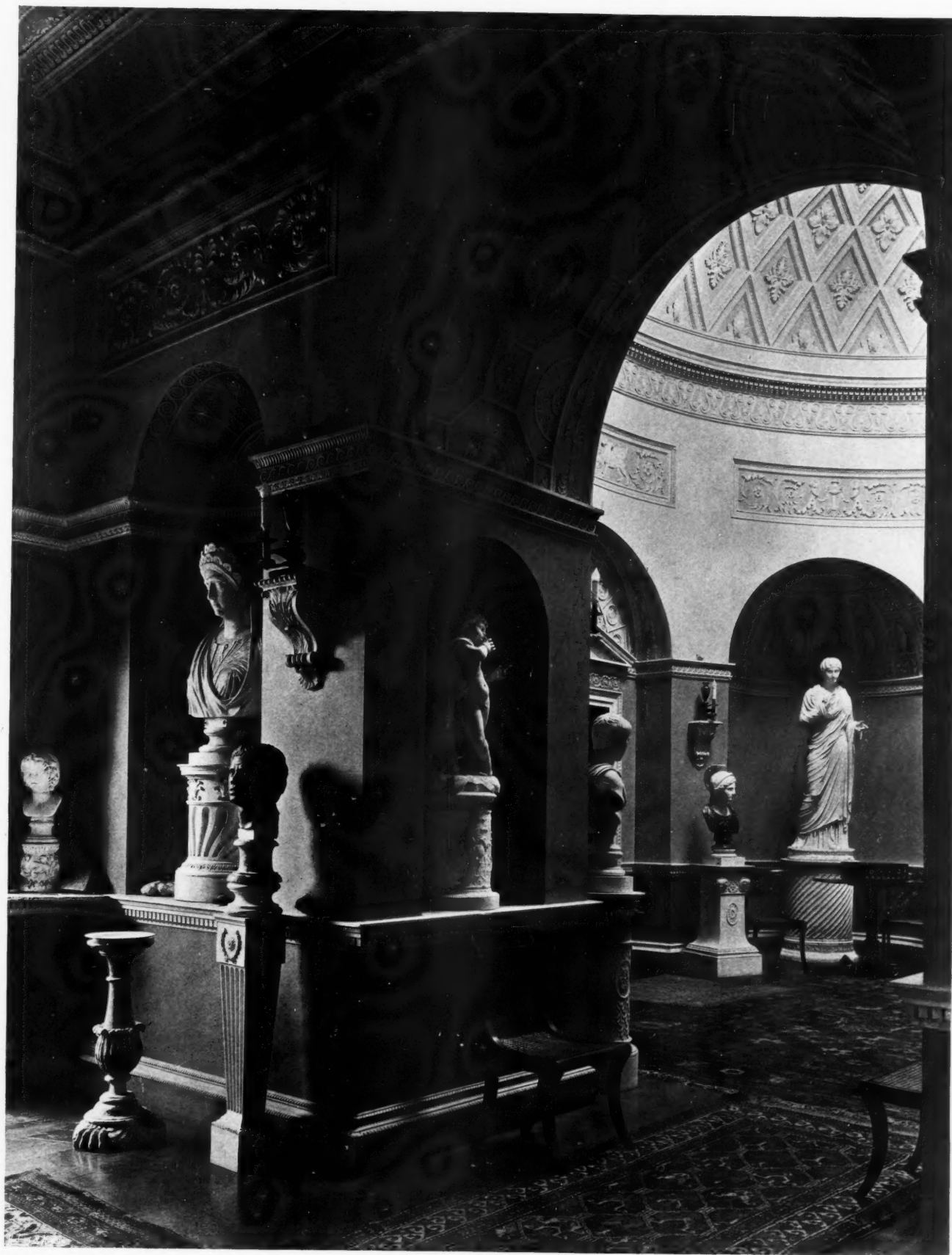
Newby Hall is stated to have been built in or about the year 1705. Sir Edward Blackett, who represented Ripon in Parliament in 1689-90, and afterwards Northumberland up to 1700, lived until 1718, thus completing the main portions of the house. He was succeeded in possession by Sir Edward Blackett, a captain in the Royal Navy, who left no children, and the baronetcy passed to the latter's brother, Sir Edward Blackett of Matfen Hall, Northumberland, while Newby and its estates were sold to Mr. Richard Weddell, whose son, William Weddell, lived until 1792, and did much to add alike to the extent and interest of Newby Hall. This gentleman was a man of elevated taste and great liberality, and to his love of antiquities some of the principal attractions of Newby are due. He made a great and splendid collection of Greek and Roman remains, figures, busts, and sarcophagi, which he entrusted to the most skilful hands to restore, and for these priceless works he constructed a gallery at his house, which is still one of its principal features, and is illustrated in several of these pictures. At the time of his death, which occurred suddenly



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FROM THE INNER OR THIRD GALLERY.

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in London when he was in his sixty-eighth year, Mr. Weddell represented Malton in Parliament. *The Gentleman's Magazine* thus records his demise: "Suddenly, on entering the cold bath in Surrey Street in the Strand, tempted by the extreme heat of the day, regretted by all who knew him, and in the sixty-eighth year of his age, William Weddell, Esq., M.P. for Malton. He had walked into the bath up to his middle, when he was seized with a sudden internal chill, and, before he could retire, expired. His name written in his hat discovered who he was to the bath keeper, who immediately sent word to his house, where some friends, with his lady, were awaiting his return to dinner; but on receiving the melancholy intelligence, Lord Down and Mr. Frederick Montague hastened to the bath, and found it but too true. Mr. W. was distinguished by his taste in *virtù*, and his collection of pictures. His large estates, with a reserve of a handsome jointure to his relict, devolve to Lord Grantham (a daughter of whose ancestor, Sir William Robinson, in the last century married Wm. Weddell, Esq., of Ersewicke, co. York), who now becomes possessed of two seats of the same name."

The two estates referred to were Newby Park (on Swale), a few miles from Ripon, and Newby Hall, the former home of the Blacketts.

The first baronet of Newby Park was Sir Metcalfe Robinson, 1690, and Thomas Robinson, fourth son of the second baronet, was created Baron Grantham in 1761. He was a very distinguished diplomatist, his principal service being done as joint plenipotentiary with Sandwich in negotiating

the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. He was made a Lord Commissioner of Trade—"a sorry reward after making the peace," said Walpole—and his many other services were recompensed by his peerage on the accession of George III. The second Lord Grantham also played a very prominent part in his time. It was the latter's son, Thomas Philip Robinson, the third lord, who inherited Newby Hall from the Weddells, upon which he adopted the name of Weddell in lieu of his own. Much later he succeeded his maternal aunt as Earl de Grey of Wrexham, whereupon he took the surname of De Grey. The present Marquess of Ripon was his nephew and heir, and succeeded him in his titles. The vast estates were, however, divided, Newby Hall going to Lady Mary Robinson, daughter of Lord de Grey, who married Mr. Henry Vyner of Gautby Hall, and their son is the present owner.

It is believed that Sir Christopher Wren designed Newby Hall, but it was built after his death. It is a great and dignified structure, worthy in many ways of that famous architect. A long and attractive frontage faces the west, with a central mass and two projecting bays, all of deep red brick with stone facings, crested with a notable balustrade, and having a central compartment, which appears at one time to have been

an entrance, being flanked with coupled Corinthian columns, now converted into a window. There are sentinel-like yews, and noble sculptured urns and vases on this side, and the outlook is over a pleasant prospect of wood and water, with a lawn and pattern garden in the foreground. On the opposite side of the



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TO THE KITCHEN GARDEN.

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SOUTH TERRACE.

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house, facing the east, where the balustrade is seen surrounding the main structure, the more recent wings have been built out with admirable effect, giving this frontage the character of an open quadrangle. The entrance has finely-proportioned columns, and wherever we look the masonry and garden sculpture are of

the best. A fine sundial, well-shaven turf, radiant flower-beds, and yews, to give point and distinction, are noticeable here. The principal garden front is on the south, where the side of the wing gives variety to the sky-line. The wing has a loggia and balcony looking out over the garden, which is formal, but



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ROMAN ANTIQUES.

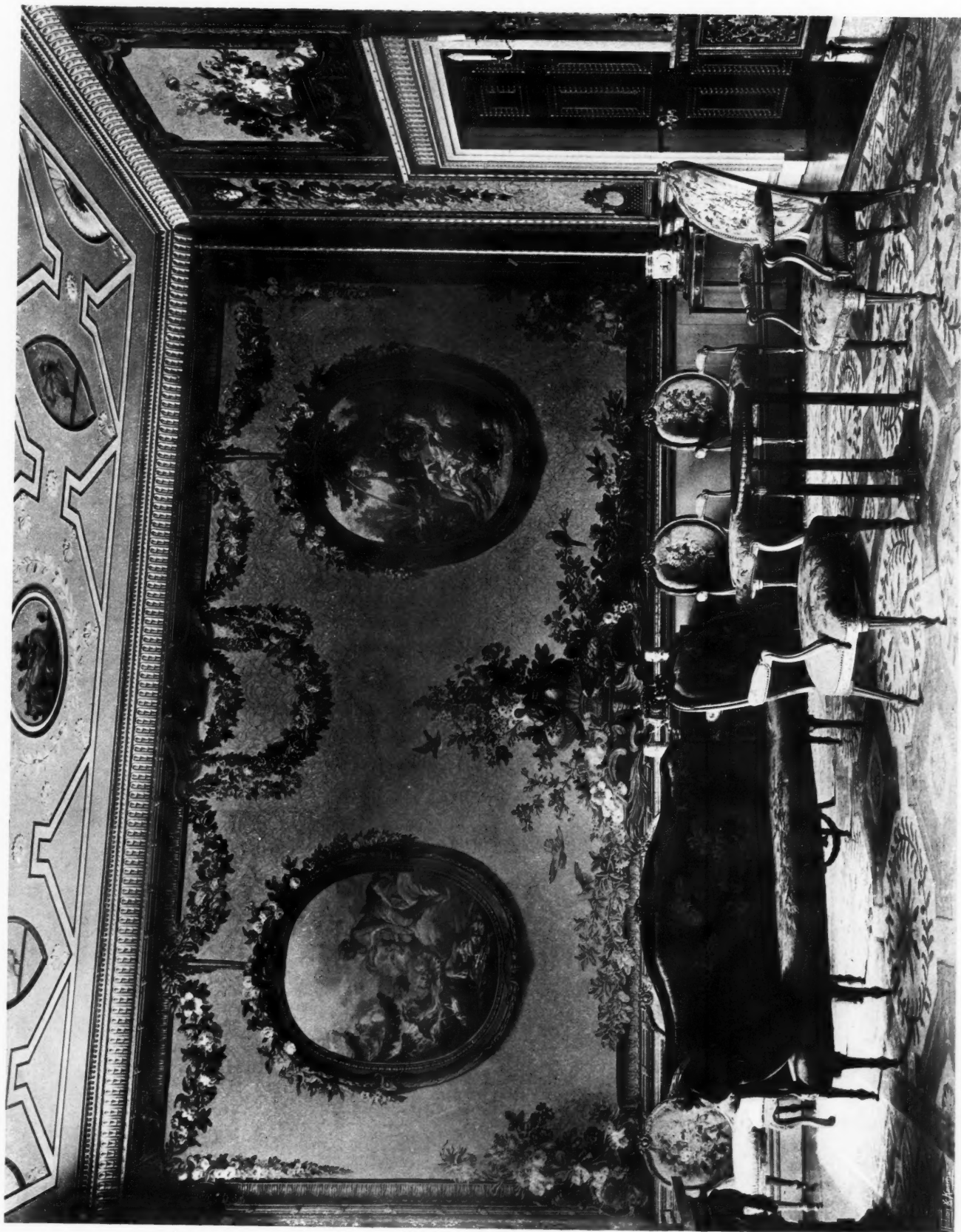
"C.L."



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DRAWING-ROOM—NORTH SIDE.

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beautiful and attractive, with magnificent balustrades, urns, and vases, besides sculpture, all showing what taste and judgment have done for the house and its surroundings. A broad terrace, overshadowed by fine trees, including notable cedars in the background, opens a prospect to the right over the lake and woods, while in front is extended the beautiful area of well-kept box gardening, with a notable group of children on a pedestal in the midst, beyond which are the balustrades and flower-bearing vases, and then a lawn with beds arched and en-framed with ivy.

Further away, again, are classic divinities looking upon the peaceful scene, while noble masonry descents, with admirable balustrading, lead down to the parkland. All is singularly rich, beautiful, and attractive, showing how well the possessors of Newby have planned and executed their work with much judicious thinking. That the hand of the artist has been well employed we may see by the splendid gateway of the kitchen



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FIRST AND SECOND GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

garden, all in beautiful, deftly-wrought iron. Some of this garden adornment belongs to the old structure, but much of it is the creation of modern times, and it is in perfect harmony with the noble edifice which it so worthily adorns.

We are now privileged to enter the house, and to survey some of the wonders it enshrines. Here is the triple sculpture gallery, rich in Greek and Roman antiques, brought together through the taste, judgment, and love of the beautiful of Mr. Weddell. He it was who built the sculpture gallery, and a portrait of him by Battoni and a bust by the celebrated

Nollekens are greatly prized. There are busts of Jupiter, Caligula, Alexander the Great, and others. The statues include Ganymede, Silenus, Brutus, Minerva, Faustina, Apollo, and a dancing Fawn. These busts and statues are of the very highest interest, giving to Newby a notable place amongst the treasure-houses of antique art in England. The most remarkable of the statues is the Barberini Venus,



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DRAWING-ROOM—SOUTH SIDE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



DRAWING-ROOM—EAST SIDE.

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SECOND AND THIRD GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

comparable to the famous Medicean, which it somewhat resembles. It will be seen in our picture of the second and third galleries. Both the arms, the right leg from the knee, and the head are modern, the rest being of fine Greek workmanship. The statue came from the Barberini Palace, and was restored by Matteo Pacilli. The imperial and other busts are very remarkable examples of Roman art. The head of Minerva, in Parian marble, is magnificent, but the casque and some other parts have been restored. A notable work is a colossal head of Hercules, with a tripod of Bacchanals, and among other remarkable examples is a seated Muse. All these works are admirably placed, and their pedestals are in the finest and best style. A famous antique sarcophagus of Pavanazzo marble will be seen in one of the pictures.

Into another apartment of Newby Hall, the drawing-room, it is, indeed, a privilege to enter, for three sides of it are covered with some of the finest Gobelins tapestry in this country. The three pieces illustrated are really magnificent, and their value may be estimated from the fact that a sum of about £70,000 has been

offered for them and refused. The colours are superb, and the richness and splendour of the effect will be imagined from the pictures much better than it can be described in words. Each piece has a marvellous floreated bordering or enwreathing, with rich pendants and garlands of flowers. In all there are four subject panels in the tapestries, represented as hanging from above, each enwreathed with flowers, the classic subjects being in the finest style of the famous French works. There is superb Gobelins tapestry of the "Roi Soleil" at the French Embassy in London, but that at Newby is not surpassed. The whole of the drawing-room is adorned in appropriate manner,

and the floral subjects over the doors are equally noteworthy, as are the long panels. The door framings are peculiarly beautiful, and the furniture is splendid work of the time of Louis XV. We do not know that a more beautiful room of its kind is to be found in all England. The size of the apartment is 40ft. by 26ft. The following account is taken from a description written in 1789, when Mr. Weddell was still alive: "This room is hung with the richest and most beautiful tapestry



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FROM THE LIBRARY WINDOW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

in this kingdom, or, perhaps, in the world, exciting the admiration of every beholder; here Nature is exactly copied, and the figures and flowers represented as if under the finest pencil. The two pier glasses are 8ft. long and 5ft. broad; under each, in a gilt frame of excellent workmanship, is a large table of most beautiful variegated marble. The ceiling is divided into compartments, elegantly worked and gilt; in the divisions, finely painted, is Phaeton, attended by the Hours, Diana and her

Nymphs, Venus and the Graces, by Zucchi." The dining-room is also a grand apartment, some 60ft. long, its ceiling supported by elegant fluted columns with enriched capitals. Many other features in the noble edifice are almost equally remarkable, including collections of Sèvres, Dresden, and other china, together with fine pictures, while the marble mantel-piece in the library, which is seen in one of the illustrations, is a very choice example of its style.

OLD ELECTION HUMOURS.—II.

He talked of his honour, his wealth, and his blood,
And then of the Corn Bill that did so much good ;

SO runs an old Wiltshire electioneering song concerning the rival candidates for the hand of "Mrs. Wiltshire" at the county election of 1818, an election in which certain current cries were anticipated, though perhaps in somewhat broader language than that approved in the refinements of a modern canvass. Indeed, the Corn Laws introduced during, and after, the lifetime of the younger Pitt afforded no little material for popular outcry.

Thus a coloured cartoon, which we reproduce, was issued for the Middlesex Election of 1818. It is directed against the Ministerial candidate, a black and melancholy figure afflicted by a squint, and in favour of the handsomely-tinted, ruddy-cheeked "friend of Human-kind," the leader of the young Radical Party, Sir Francis Burdett. According to this Radical artist, the Big Loaf for 6d. and the frothing porter pot

for 3^d. will result from success for the popular party, whereas a dingy half quarter of muddy-coloured dough, priced at 2s. 6d., and labelled "The fatal effects of Pitt's Corn Bill," makes clear to the most unlettered eyes the drift of the Ministerial policy. This Middlesex Election was fought with all the hardy humour of the day, and was finally decided, in favour of the Ministerial candidate we

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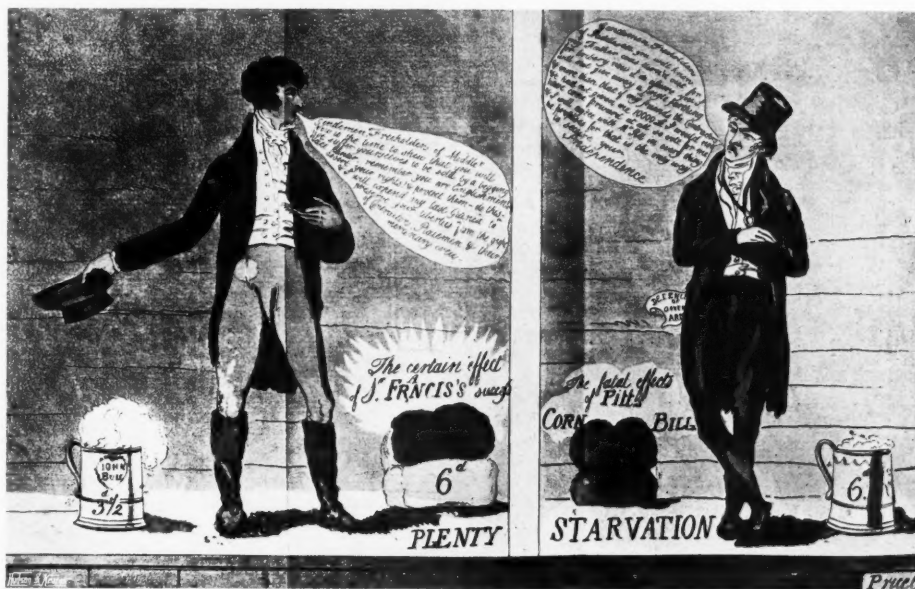
C. 1. FOX AND THE SNUFF BAG.

may note, by a majority of five votes. All the road from Brentford to London was festooned with the Burdett colours; Piccadilly, St. James's Street, and Pall Mall were filled by crowds singing "Rule, Britannia!" and cheering lustily, with flags and music. Popular ridicule of the Court candidate took such forms as the employment of a bellman to ring "about for a squinting young puppy, lost between Brentford and Cavendish Square." And donations

Though he never could hammer it into her head,
That by *raising* the corn, he should lower the bread.—Tol de rol, etc.

were requested for "those who can prove that a Young Man who was never heard of beyond the Purlieus of Hicks Hall; whose talents never raised him to the rank of *President of a Smoaking Club*; whose connections are limited to the Clerks of the Police; who is known to *nobody*, laughed at by *everybody*, and who wishes to be *somebody*: to prove therefore that he is a fit Person to represent the Independent County of Middlesex." Italics and capital letters played a large part

in the old electioneering armoury, and were not despised. This Middlesex candidate's "Friend



A BRENTFORD HANDBILL, 1818.



THE WESTMINSTER MENDICANT

Ye Christians, charitable, good and civil
Pray something give to this poor, wandering Dowl
By Merc. cast. art, perhaps, by God forgiven,
Then may one Judas find a road to Heaven.

Tell it over by H. Humphrey
very good

THE REJECTED CANDIDATE.

Mr. Pitt" is thus quoted, from an alleged speech in 1804 on the Corn Bill: "THE PRICE OF CORN is yet FAR BELOW the Price which is universally allowed to be NECESSARY.!!!!!!"

But such purely academic weapons as the issue of cartoons, very highly coloured and of perfectly unrestrained humour, and the boisterous flinging about of the largest capitals known to the printer's fount, were but the more polished instruments of old political warfare. In a brilliant plate by the great caricaturist James Gillray, reproduced in these pages on January 6th, we have already seen three herculean figures of the Guards carrying bayonets dripping gore from a little electioneering commission on which they had been engaged in Bow Street, during a Westminster Election of 1788. In the riotous proceedings of the famous Westminster Election of 1784, when C. J. Fox—or should we be more accurate in saying Georgina Duchess of Devonshire?—contested the seat with two Ministerial candidates, a speech by the "Man of the People" was effectually interrupted by the hurling of a bag full of snuff at the orator. We reproduce a hitherto unpublished plate by Sayer, immortalising this successful *coup*. The well-known black-browed head of Fox is drawn, violently sneezing out his "principles," which are inscribed as "Coalition," "Receipt Tax," "Machiavel's politics," and "Cromwell's Ambition"; and below appear the patriot's words of protest:

Whereas some d——d Rogues have been guilty of Treason,
In making me sneeze, when I wanted to reason,
And whereas it appears upon Analyzation
That the Bag's vile Contents would have poison'd a Nation,

I conjure my Constituents, wherever they be,
To take Care of themselves, and be careful of me.

The polling for this great Westminster Election of 1784 began on April 1st, and continued without intermission until May 17th. The Court party were resolved if possible to unseat Fox, Sir Cecil Wray (who had, unfortunately for his supporters, proposed



"THE UNION CLUB."

a tax on maid servants) and Admiral Lord Hood being their candidates; on the other hand, Georgina Duchess of Devonshire was no less determined that Fox should win. For the greater part of the six weeks of the election (our "hardy ancestors" took their politics, as all else, whole-heartedly, and grudged no time spent thereon) western London, and especially Covent Garden, where the hustings were always erected, was a scene of indescribable riot. Admiral Hood, early in the contest, brought up a large body of real, or imitation, sailors, armed with bludgeons; but the sailor mob found their masters in a counter-mob of Irish sedan-chairmen, who obtained a glorious victory, broken legs and arms and fractured skulls witnessing to the prowess of Paddy whenever a fighting man is needed. The sailors retired to St. James's Street, the headquarters of the chairmen plying for custom, vowing vengeance on the "chairs"; but here again the Irishmen beat them, and finally a body of the Guards appeared on the scene to restore order. No less than three battles were fought on the next day, the chairmen being reinforced by a multitude of

butchers, brewers, and other allies. An ultimate battle, fought in Covent Garden, resulted in the utter rout of the sailors; and the victorious Irish chairmen completed their victory over Hood and Sir Cecil Wray, on the latter's defeat at the poll, by a final fling, entitled a "new ballad," "Paddy's Farewell to Sir Cecil":

Sir Cecil be aisy I won't be unshivil;
Now the Man of the Pable is choose
in your stead;
From swate Covent Garden you're
flung to the Devil;
By —, Sir Cecil, you've bodder'd
your head.
Fa-ra-lal, etc.

Towards the end of the election, by order of a certain Justice Wilmot, extra constables were drafted in from Wapping, who exercised their protective functions by shouting "No Fox"; and in an affray, fought to the sound of marrow-bones and cleavers, "the old signal for an insurrection of the populace," a constable was unfortunately killed, an incident promptly taken up by Fox's opponents. The Foxites were not behind in seizing on their opportunity as regards Justice Wilmot's new draft of police, for one of their newspapers



AN ELECTION ENTERTAINMENT, 1755.

represents the worthy justice, whose education was apparently defective, as addressing the following note to one of the chief booksellers of London:

MR. EVANS,

SIR, I expects soon to be called out on a Mergenssey, so send me all the ax of parlyment reLatin to a Gustis of Piece.

I am,
Yours to command, etc.

GUSTIS WILMOT.

But in watching the rougher humours of this historic contest we are leaving the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire too long unnoticed. Wearing Fox's cockade, the Duchess, attended by several other Whig ladies, was almost daily present at the election, and her personal canvass secured votes in abundance. The opposite party, smarting under Her Grace's successes, accused her of wholesale bribery, and the current report that in one instance she had bought the vote of a butcher with a kiss gave Rowlandson a subject for one of his most effective cartoons. But the Duchess was opposed on her own ground by the Ministerial champion, Lady Buckinghamshire, a lady ungallantly known as "Madame Blubber." Thus we have the Tory lady represented as also at work among the butchers. Holding out a purse as a bait, she says, "Hood and Wray, my dear butcher"; but the butcher, at ease in his armchair, without moving his pipe from his mouth, puffs out bluntly, "I'm engaged to the Duchess!" One of the poets of the election tells in fluent verse (to be sung "To the Tune of 'The First Time at the Looking-glass'") a similar tale of how the brilliant Duchess constantly got ahead of her fair opponent in the gentle art of feminine canvassing:

A certain lady I won't name
Must take an active part, Sir,
To show that DEVON'S beauties dame
Should not engage each heart, Sir.
She canvass'd all, both great and small,
And thunder'd at each door, Sir;
She rummaged every shop and stall—
The Duchess was still before her.

Fox's own personal canvass is said to have been conducted with invariable good nature, and his humour seems to have been aptly pitched to meet the broadest popular raillery. Thus when a saddler in the Haymarket, whose interest the "Man of the People" was soliciting, produced a *halter*, with which he expressed his willingness to oblige the statesman, Fox observed: "I return you thanks, my friend, for your intended present; but I should be sorry to deprive you of it, as I presume it must be a family piece."



"BRIBING IS DETESTABLE! BUT FOLITENESS COSTS NOTHING."

Any sketch of old election humours would be very imperfect which omitted to make mention of "brave Sammy House," one of the most popular figures of his day. A great supporter of Charles James Fox, Sam House, publican as he was, was honoured with the company of the great Whig nobility, and in one of Rowlandson's caricatures he appears as a privileged visitor in the boudoir of the beautiful Duchess, who, still in her morning cap and gown, provides him with tea. Sam takes his cup gingerly, sitting carefully on the edge of a sofa, Fox the while encouraging his ally by patting his bald head. "Summer and winter Sam dressed in a clean nankeen jacket and breeches,

and brightly polished shoes and buckles: he wore no covering, neither hat nor wig, on a perfectly bald head; his waistcoat was generally open in all seasons, and he wore remarkably white linen; his legs were generally bare, but when covered it was always in stockings of the finest silk." Honest Sam is said to have kept open house during the Westminster Election at his own expense; and a ringing song of the period celebrates alike his skill in canvass and his notable bald head:

Brave bald-headed Sam, all must own, is the man
Who does canvass for brave Fox so clever:
His aversion I say is to *small beer and Wray!*
May his bald head be honour'd for ever, for ever, for ever!
May his bald head be honour'd for ever!



THE POLLING BOOTH.

It goes without saying that the inn, whether in town or country, figured largely in all old elections, though not all candidates could hope for an honest Sam ready, if report spoke true, to stand the racket of this branch of "canvassing" out of his own pocket. Gillray's magnificent cartoon in celebration of the Union of England and Ireland, "The Union Club," in which appear the leading statesmen of the day (Fox asleep with his feet on the table, Sheridan tossing off a bumper to the Union, Lord Derby sleeping off his wine by the throne), and in which a Royal Personage has disappeared under the table (the finest leg in Europe still handsomely indicated)—this masterpiece among caricatures doubtless represents faithfully enough many an old election dinner, even to the detail of candlesticks, bottles, stools, glasses, flying through the air in the confusion of a spirited free fight in the background. In Hogarth's celebrated plate, "An Election Entertainment," we see the constituency somewhat too much indulged in good home-brewed ale or claret; and the impression left by this vivid, if somewhat squalid, picture of electioneering in 1755 may be pleasantly amended by the notice of an election dinner which we find in a collection of old "advertisements, letters, speeches, squibs, and songs," as the title-page announces, relating to the Wiltshire Election of 1818.

At five o'clock one May afternoon during that election, two hundred and fifty friends of one of the candidates sat down to dinner at the Castle Inn, Marlborough. Venison of rare excellence appeared on the table, and "the wines," we are told, "were of the best quality, and the supply was most ample."

Speeches, songs (the glee, "Here's a Health to all Good Lasses" followed the toast of the candidate's wife, "with fine effect"), and toasts (the "County of Wilts" was drunk with three times three) occupied the company till nine the next morning; nor did they then, our reporter concludes, "separate entirely." We can well believe that they preferred to see one another home.

"The sun," says this cheerful old pamphlet, "which saw them at his setting, beheld them pleased and jovial,—when rising he was scattering around him in rich profusion the rays of the morning,"—much as though great Phœbus



The FRIEND of HUMANITY and the KNIFE-GRINDER. Scene, The Borough in Imitation of M. Southey's Sapphics.

Friend of Humanity! "Needy Knife-grinder! whither are you going?"
Rough is the road, your Wheel is out of order.
Black blows the blast;—your Hat has got a hole in it.
So have your Breaches!
"Woeary Knife-grinder! little think the great ones.
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike—
read, what handiwork 'tis crying all day Knives and
Scissors to grind!"
"Tell me, Knife-grinder, how come you to grind knives?"
Did you not mean to grind me, you?"
Was it the Squire, or Person of the Parish?"
"Was it the Squire for killing of his Game, or
Cavalous Parson for his Tythes distraining?"
Or rogues and Lawyers made you lose your little
All in a law suit?"
"Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom Paine?"
Drops of compassion tremble on my eye lids.
Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
Poetical story."

Knife-grinder. "Story! God bless you! I have none to tell. Sir
Only last night a drinking at the Chappin's.
This poor old Hat and Breaches, as you see 'em
Tom in a wig
"Gentles came up for to take me into
Charles the look me before the Justice."
Justice Oblivious put me in the Parish."
"I should be glad to drink your Honour's health."
After a Beer of you would give me Sapphics."
But for my part, I never love to muddle
With Politics Sir."
Friend of Humanity! "Give the Sapphics! I will are the damned first
Watch 'em as sense of wrongs, and the
Social, unfeeling, repulsive, despotic!
Squallor's outcast!
(Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his Wheel, and exit in
a transport of republican enthusiasm and universal
philanthropy."

THE NEEDY KNIFE-GRINDER.

himself had looked in to toss off a bumper or two in favour of the True Blue. In view of that stupendous fifteen hours' sitting of "harmony and hilarity," who shall venture to deny that our modern elections are but very small beer?

G. M. GODDEN.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

SOME of the most interesting items to be found in State papers are those to which we attach least importance. There is, no doubt, a dramatic interest in the unfolding of State secrets, the description of great financial movements, and the under-working of the intrigues of parties; but, apart from these, the same papers often contain incidental mention which helps us greatly towards imagining the methods of living of our forefathers. The author of "A Life of Sir Kenelm Digby," while engaged in his more serious work, was in the habit of putting down small particulars of this kind, and he has gathered them into a book called *Pryings Among Private Papers, Chiefly of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries* (Longmans, Green, and Co.). This is a very pleasant and casual sort of book to dip into. There is scarcely a page which has not something of interest in it, and many of the extracts strike us as being quite new. In some respects our forefathers did not differ so much as is generally believed from ourselves. For example, there is no subject more frequently raised in the newspapers of to-day than that of giving tips to servants, and our forefathers appear to have been troubled in exactly the same way as we are. There were few important occasions in life when a great Lord was not expected to distribute largesse. We read in the manuscripts of the Duke of Northumberland, dated May 6th, 1598, that the rewards given at the christening of the young Lord Percy amounted to £85 19s. 2d., which would be an immense sum in those days, and an entry made a century later informs us that on a similar occasion the nurses expected the godfather to "remember them." From Earl Cowper's manuscripts of 1703 we find that it was usual for a rich relative to send a sum to the cauldle-makers; five guineas was what Lord Cowper himself sent.

Talking of childhood, there is a curious seventeenth century entry, which gives the following extraordinary, as we should think to-day, reasons for a boy taking small-pox:

I am of Mr. Busby's opinion that the boys have ridden too much in the heat, drinking beer when they were very hot, and eating too much also; and I believe Bettie will do the like as long as she is abroad.

Some of the schoolboys seem to have been very masterful. Lord George Murray writes to his father, the first Duke of Atholl:

May it please your Grace, when I was in the school this forenoon, there was a Grandson of Ledy Rollos who was whipt, and I, by the priviledge I received at Candlemas, went to protect him, but the schoolmaster would not allow me; and, when I asked him why I might not do it, as well as former kings (*sic*), he answered that it was he that gave the priviledge, and he could take it away again, and I told him that it would be an affront. He answered that he would not allow me to do it, and ordered me to sit down, that it was non of my business. After he had done me the affront, I resined al the priviledges I had.

The author has unearthed many curious love stories in the course of his investigations, but they are somewhat too long for quotation. Another complaint that was heard more a few years ago than to-day is that women in their dress tended so much to resemble men. It is curious to find this cropping up as early as 1665. In a manuscript of the Duke of Portland the extract has the further merit of giving a very lively account of the gay Court of Charles II.:

For news from Court I shall tell you that one cannot possibly tell a woman from a man, unless one has the eyes of a lynx who can see through a wall, for by the face and garbe they are like men. They do not wear any hood, but only men's periwick hatts and coats. There is no other plague here but the infection of love; no other discourse but of ballets, dance, and fine clouse; no other emulation but who shall look the handsomere, and whose vermillion and spanish white is the best; none other fight than "I am yours." In a word, there is nothing here but mirth, and there is a talk that there shall be a proclamation made that any melancoly man or woman coming in this towne shall be turned out and put to the pillory, and there to be whep till he hath learned the way to marry *à la mode*.

There is much curious information about racing, and a remark made by the Count d'Auvergne shows that the English love of sport was already well known on the Continent. The Count said "he always joined with the English in horse-races, and with the Dutch in making dikes and building windmills." It may interest some of our readers to know that in the time of Charles II. double-barrelled guns had already been invented, as

appears from the following quotation, which is also interesting in so far as it shows shooting to have been established as an ordinary out-of-doors pastime:

Sir William Kyte, of Ebberton or Ebrington, my worthy friend, had a gun made for the nonce which had a barrel contrived with two bores in one stock, which when they were charged he could fire as he pleased one after another, by this means he quickly got a good dish, and as he told me they were pretty good meat.

In another branch of sport, the contention is frequently set forth that in olden time people could fish where they liked, and that the preservation of rivers is a modern device. But that this is not true would appear from the letter from Sir Gilbert Clarke Knight to Thomas Coke in 1700, in which it is related that he had let his last lease of the fishing of the Dove; while another manuscript deals with fishermen who trespassed on the water belonging to the mother of Mr. Walter Burdett. Of cock-fighting we do not hear nearly so much as we expected, though in 1687 Bridget Noel writes to her sister, the Countess of Rutland:

My Lord Toumand will be at the great coking, and Barney, and Lord Grandson, and a great meny more lords that I doe not know ther name, it is sade hear that it will be as great a match as ever has been. Barney intends to back our coks with some thousands for he is on our side.

At the moment we naturally turn to the section headed "Elections." Most of the documents relate to bribery, which was practised on a very wholesale scale, as witness the following extracts from Mr. C. Beecher, who appears to have been an electioneering agent:

1705, April 30. This morning I received a letter from Mr. Bard to Reuben Hulcombe to let me know that three of four score of the votes have received 5li. each and have engaged to serve Pollexfen, whose agents gave the 5li. to the women under the pretence of their spinning five pounds of wool at 20s. a pound.

1705, Oct. 24. Colonel Hugerford told me he thought he might have interest enough with Ragbourne and Clarke to keep them out of the way if they would not vote for you. He swears that if they will not comply with him they shall never take a penny more of his money, which will be a considerable loss, especially to Clarke, who does all the wheelwright's work at his farm.

Here is a more curious and uncommon way of dealing with obstinate voters:

For three days together I have had Dick Bartholemew and Bushell with me. . . . I had them all this day from 9 in the morning till 6, and was forced to keep them company all the while, and drink with them till they were very forward, giving them full liberty. They made themselves drunk, but before that owned all that is writ on the other side.

The ruinous extent to which bribery was carried on comes out in the following extract, which enables us to see why a contested election very often landed the candidate in the Bankruptcy Court:

1712. Aug. 6. . . . Rogers says the Duke declares publicly he will give 50li. a man for as many as will desert your Lordship and come over to him. He has actually given John Smith 100li. down, and engaged to be at the charge of educating a son of Smith's of seven years old at school and University, and to present him to a good living when he is capable of it—a good distant prospect this—but however, with the 100li. ready money, it has prevailed with Smith to leave your Lordship. In the room of whom we have got Flurry Bowshire for 40 guineas, etc. . . . I am very sorry for this expense my Lord, but without it your Lordship's interest would have been entirely defeated for ever, should the point be gained as to mayor, for Rogers assures me they do intend to bring in a sufficient number of Whig burgesses to secure elections to themselves hereafter, in case they succeed in the mayor.

Here, finally, is an extract to show that the art of kissing was well known of Parliamentarians nearly two centuries ago:

I arrived here last night from Taunton after a great deal of smocking, some drinking, and kissing some hundreds of women; but it was to good purpose, for I made a great number of requisitions while I was there. I may venture to say that I have now near 150 majority.

The country gentleman who lived in the time of the "Merry Monarch" had pretty much the same occupations as his descendant of to-day. He hunted, he shot, he interested himself in dogs, horses, and kindred subjects. No doubt some of his customs have gone out to-day, and others have taken their place. The line of demarcation between old and new must be the same as that which separates the world of steam and electricity from the time when all haulage was done by horses. The country gentleman of to-day is as fond of horses and hunting as were his predecessors, though, except in a few rare cases, he does not keep hawks, but he has found a new implement of amusement in his motor-car. Probably, if we could look forward for another two or three years still greater changes might be described. There seems no end to the inventions that came with the nineteenth century, and we fancy that though scientific amusements may be agreeable, the old open-air pastimes that provided exercise and fresh air for the cavaliers in the time of Oliver Cromwell will still continue in favour.

TELEPHONES & FRUIT-GROWING.

AN interesting circular has been sent out by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries concerning the establishment of telephones in fruit-growing districts. This is a matter of greater importance than it looks. The disadvantage of fruit-growing hitherto has lain in the fact that the vendor had often to work in the dark; that is to say, he could not ascertain in the morning what immediate market there was for his wares, but had to send them up to town on the off chance. The disturbances which ensued have often been described. Over and over again it has happened that valuable fruit and vegetables have been despatched to market, and, owing to a glut occurring at the moment, the price realised has not been sufficient to pay the incidental expenses, such as carriage to the station and on the railway, auctioneer's commission, and so forth, while it has happened that quite often on the next day there was a deficient supply at the markets. The result of this has been to bring the whole system of marketing fruit in London into disrepute. No advice is more frequently given to beginners by veterans of the trade than that of avoiding London altogether, and seeking to form a local outlet. But, even when this advice is followed, the telephone is of very great service, because the local customers are generally fruit-sellers in the small towns and larger villages, and it would be most convenient and useful if means could be found to inform them as to the state of the market.

Under these circumstances there is no need to descant on the practical usefulness of the scheme propounded by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, which is to extend the telephone as far as possible in the fruit-growing districts. Already an exchange system has been established in the districts of Swanley, Farningham, Hextable, Crockenhill, Westerham, and

Winchester. In some of the districts, the towns and villages are so far from the trunk lines that the cost of extension is prohibitive; but the Postmaster-General will be glad to receive any specific suggestions of further improvements. In doing this he is certainly acting on the right lines. In those places where the telephone has already been constructed, it has been put to immediate use by the market gardeners, and during the months of spring and summer now coming on it will be of the greatest service to have it, even if they are unable to connect direct with buyers and auctioneers at a moment's notice. The advantages offered by the Post Office and the Telegraph Office will thus be made use of. Formerly prices were all local. In Devonshire, for example, they might be very much higher than they were in Worcester. In one place a man might be receiving the full value of his products and in another might be unable to sell them; but the remedy for this is quick communication. Now that the transportation of goods has been so greatly facilitated the prevention of gluts may easily be achieved by taking advantage of the latest and most modern means of direct communication with those engaged on the other side of the business.

THE NURSES' HOME, GREAT ORMOND STREET.

FROM being the home of Lord Chancellor Thurlow to being attached to a hospital is a far cry, but such is the history of 44, Great Ormond Street. It is now the Nurses' Home of the Children's Hospital, and they scarcely could have more charming architectural surroundings. The house is remarkable both for its leadwork and its ironwork. The latter is of the best type that came from Georgian smithies. Part of the gates and railing at the front entrance is a restoration, but it accords well with the original work, and the lamp standards with their link extinguishers make a graceful composition with the stately doorway. Untouched, however, by the hand of the restorer stands the charming railing of the terrace. We can see here how pleasant an effect is won by the intermixture of wrought with cast work. The exuberance of the wrought curls is toned down and steadied



Copyright.

THE FRONT ENTRANCE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

LEAD CISTERN, 1798.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

LEAD CISTERN, 1714.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

LEAD CISTERN, 1745.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

by the cast-iron terminals, and the widening out of the bottom steps gives a scale and spaciousness which are a great aid to the grave charms of a delightful house.

The illustrations of the leadwork which has survived the battery of time show characteristic examples of eighteenth century craftsmanship, of work, moreover, which is peculiarly English. The first example of a cistern only just escapes the stigma of being nineteenth century work, being dated 1798. It is, however, a good simple design, and has the masculine unaffected character which rarely deserts English craftsmanship. French and Italian work, when the good periods come to an end, tend to become trivial and frivolous; English work may get tedious, but rarely becomes vulgar, and if Art flies out of the window, Respectability sits steadily by the hearth.

The second tank is equally fine in its own way, but it is more like the usual London type. It is earlier, and has its date (1714) in delicate husk pattern numerals. Here, again, we can trace a hand which has been busy elsewhere. At 18, Bedford Row, in a cellar, there is a similar tank, with ribboned palm branches cast from the same patterns. The fat Georgian strings of fruits and flowers are cleverly modelled. The tap, too, has a watery thought, for it is a swan's head. The interlacing of the ribs is the most characteristic feature of London cisterns, and eighteenth century plumbers seem to have given their ingenuity to complicate the composition of broken lines and curves.

The richest of the three cisterns is dated 1745, and rests on an appropriate stone base. The latter is not, however, contemporary. The last occupant of the house, Mr. Frederick Warre, found the tank stowed away in a cellar, and set it up on its present base, decorated with the Royal arms, the scales of justice, and the lictor's rods, emblems appropriate to the great judge who had lived there. As Lord Thurlow was only thirteen when the tank was made, he must be acquitted of having any hand in its design. It is a curious coincidence, however, that the same design recurs in the legal atmosphere of Lincoln's Inn. There are some trifling variations, and this tank has only one panel instead of the two at Great Ormond Street; but it was obviously cast from the same patterns, and is dated forty-two years earlier, 1703. It has now retired from the business of holding water, and employs its leisured old age in making a home for clusters of geraniums, or did when I photographed it last summer.

Now the necessity of the great and tender charity which possesses these tanks is the opportunity of the collector. They are for sale, and in view of their beauty and the fact that their antiquity is undoubted, there should be competition among the dreamers in formal gardens. It is, unfortunately, the case that lead is the easiest medium for the forgery of what we pleasantly call "antiques." Some fifty years ago, before the present happy renaissance in the art of garden-making, in the dreary days when the ideal seems to have been to emulate the cemetery, there was no forgery of lead cisterns, urns, and statues. Lead, however, has obvious facilities for the swindler. The form it took then was the forging of very early pilgrims' tokens and relics of shrines. The chief artists were two men who have handed down their names to posterity as "Billy and Charley." These amiable ruffians provided small relics for a consideration to navvies engaged in excavation. The *modus operandi* was simple. We will assume an excavation on an old site. Enter a benevolent old antiquary (all antiquaries are old and of benevolent mien). As he watches the excavation with mild interest, the ingenuous navvy loudly, perchance profanely, exclaiming, summons his friends to inspect the miry object sticking to his spade. Ensuing swiftly come excitement from the old gentleman and his departure with the treasured antiquity, while the navvy proceeds to "Billy and Charley" to renew his stock-in-trade. It is a terrible thought that the industry has now been found out. Let us shed a tear over a "decayed industry." "Bilys and Charleys" are not going, they have gone. But new industries spring up to replace those that have gone the way of pilgrims' tokens and pearl buttons.

With the renewed love of formal gardens, and the new appreciation of the pleasant dignities of Georgian architecture, the art of "faking" lead garden ornaments has become a paying one. They are generally cleverly done, but sometimes a mistake is made and a lead vase is copied from a terra-cotta pattern which does not deceive the student. Lead cisterns, too, are fairly easy to reproduce; they can be dented readily to an appearance of age, and doubtless the people who buy them are very pleased. At the Children's Hospital there is no atmosphere of suspicion. There we can see and buy authentic examples of a great English art, and at the same time benefit the charity, whose work, more than any other, winds itself round our hearts.

LAWRENCE WEAVER, F.S.A.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

POINTS THAT POLITICS DO NOT TOUCH.

IN these piping times of political agitation and excitement it may not seem to be a question of supreme importance either to Conservatives or Liberals, but I should like to know by what agency titmice come to lose their legs. There have recently been mentioned in print two cases of tits crippled in this way—a one-legged great tit in Wiltshire and a more-legged blue tit in Norfolk—both being regular visitors to "bird-

ended in consequence; and each time he pecks he gives an absurd little flirt of his left wing to keep his balance. When he transfers himself to the dependent suet below the table, and hangs head downwards thereupon, he does not seem to be troubled by having only one foot to hang by. But I should like someone to suggest how the maiming occurs. It seems a pitifully small business to go about robbing tits of their legs, and it would be interesting to know who or what the bully is—animate or inanimate—that does it.

A MOTH THAT BECAME A SPIDER

An interesting example of what I take to be "protective resemblance," not heretofore specifically noticed, has come under my observation recently. The Winter Moth (*Cheimatobia brumata*) is a fairly well-known insect. In many districts it is altogether too well known to fruit-growers, who find it sometimes a very serious pest. But even people who are neither fruit-growers nor entomologists may have noticed the male moth—a feeble-winged insect of a r size, pale tawny in hue, which flutters flimsily about in the early dusk of November and December evenings, or comes and sits in a triangle (almost transparent by reason of the thinness of its wings) on the window of any room wherein a light is burning. All entomologists know that the female of the species is what is called "wingless"; which is to say, that she has only rudimentary wings, quite useless for flight, which convert her into a sort of entomological penguin, and, as she crawls up the trunk of a fruit tree, give her the appearance of a rather slender-legged, grey-brown spider. What has, I believe, not heretofore been noticed is that there are, in fact, a number of spiders, not much unlike this female moth in appearance, to be found on the trunks of the same fruit trees at precisely the same time of year. And,



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THE NURSES' HOME, GREAT ORMOND STREET—THE TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

'ables' in their respective localities; and it happens that another one-legged blue tit is the most constant frequenter of my own bird-table here in Cambridgeshire. The leg of a blue tit is not a very considerable joint, and its absence might be easily overlooked. As a matter of fact, we had watched our particular cripple a dozen times or more before we noticed that it had no left leg; and if three individuals, similarly maimed, are now under observation in different parts of the country, it is reasonable to suppose that there must be an immense number more at large whose deformity has escaped attention. An injured bird would, it is true, find itself more or less handicapped in the struggle for existence, and would therefore be more ready than his whole-limbed fellows to take the risks of accepting man's hospitality, and one-legged birds might be more likely than others to come to bird-tables, and thus more likely to be seen. But, even so, these three cannot be all that there are; and how do they lose their legs?

ONE-LEGGED ACROBATS.

There are few birds that seem to appreciate their legs more than the tits, and few to whom these limbs are more useful—the "gaudy harlequins," as Wordsworth calls them. As a matter of fact, however, our friend seems to get on very well as he is. When he sits on the flat surface of the table, he tips himself backwards, so that his weight is distributed between his remaining leg and his tail, which latter has grown rather scrubby and ragged-

like the moths, the spiders are nocturnal. If you go out with a lantern at the time when the moths are about, and look closely on the trunks of the fruit trees, you will find a certain number of the spiders on every tree, the females sitting in their crude web, strung from one irregularity in the bark to another, and the males—rather smaller and browner than the females—prowling about on the trunks, looking, presumably, for their consorts. In the case of the female, so close is the resemblance, you will sometimes need more than a second look to determine whether the object is a spider or a wingless moth.

A SWEETHEART'S DIFFICULTIES.

The similarity must have its drawbacks for the male of the moth. *C. brumata* seems to be one of the species among our lepidoptera in which the female does the courting; that is to say, that though the male has the advantage of possessing wings, even if of a rather inferior sort, he does not appear to use them for finding his mate. Instead, he prefers to sit on the tree trunk until she comes crawling up to him; and it must be distinctly annoying to see, what you suppose to be your lady love approaching, and to find, when too late, that it is only a beast of a spider come to eat you. That accidents of the kind do happen is certain, for I know that the male *brumata* not infrequently furnishes the spiders with a meal. Indeed, the resemblance to the female moth would seem to be so obviously to the spider's

advantage in enabling him to catch males, that one might almost be tempted to suppose that the disguise was of the spider's choosing. But in Nature, wolves do not put on sheep's clothing. The simulation is always the other way. When a cuckoo pretends to be a hawk, or an orchid pretends to be a snake, or a moth pretends to be a spider, we may be sure that it is always the same story of the weaker creature assuming the semblance of the stronger for purposes of self-preservation.

HOW NATURE WORKS—AND WHY.

All that the spider did—or that Nature did for him—was to make his colouring such that he is so inconspicuous as to be almost invisible against the grey bark of the tree. Thus concealed, the spider would probably have had such a fat and easy time devouring *brumata*, that sooner or later he would have exterminated the species had not Nature again stepped in; but Nature apparently had some use for *brumata*. It is not easy for human beings to guess what that use may be, unless it be to teach fruit-growers humility, and to promote the sale of various insecticides with which fruit trees may be sprayed or painted. But, whatever Nature's purpose, it was permitted to the female moth to pretend to be a spider too; so that now she can go unmolested in company where, had she wings like the male, she would surely be eaten. And if now and then a male makes a mistake which costs him his life, well, Nature does not care much for the males of any species if the females get safely through the troubles of maternity.

THE BURDEN OF WINGS.

It appears at first sight curious that nearly all the winter moths should be so poorly equipped for flight, in almost all the species the females being practically wingless, and the males possessing wings, large indeed, but very frail, and making their owners peculiarly feeble fliers. It might be supposed that insects born in the stormy season would need a stronger flight than those which come to maturity in more halcyon times. The truth probably is that in winter even the best of wings would be of very little use, for in severe and tempestuous years, it must frequently occur that whole broods of moths are hatched, live their short lives, and die, without ever knowing a single day or evening on which it would be safe for them to spread their wings in an attempt to fly. They have sufficient power of flight to enable them in reasonable weather to flutter to a neighbouring tree; but, taking one year with another, it is probably better for them and for the species that they should sit quietly on the trunk of the tree on which they fed when in their caterpillar stage, there to pair and there to die. So the female has dispensed with her wings altogether, and those of the male are very indifferent as instruments of locomotion. On the other hand, it is wonderful to notice how tenaciously they are able to cling to the tree trunk without being blown away in the severest gale, though the surface of the wings, which are folded erect above their back, must offer to the wind a bigger proportionate sail area than any boat ever dared to carry; and if both sexes had wings, when the two were together, the combined surface for the wind to play upon would probably be greater than any moth's legs could hold up against. So that when the female dropped her wings and became a six-legged spider, she was not only securing greater protection from her worst enemies, but was probably also dispensing with an encumbrance dangerous to her and to the species.

EARLY NESTING.

The black frost which suddenly smote the country on the last day of the Old Year put an end to the most extraordinary December which this part of

England has ever known. Fifteen days without rainfall constitute, I believe, what is technically known at the Meteorological Office as an "absolute" drought, and only once before in half a century had the fen country had experience of such a spell of dry weather in December. This winter we had eighteen consecutive days without moisture, or three days more than the record, and through the whole of the eighteen days the wind blew lightly from the south or south-west, and only occasionally at night did the mercury dip below 40. So many reports have been published of unusual results of the mildness of the season, in the form of abnormally early blossoms and the premature nesting of birds, that it is hardly worth while to add to the list. But between Christmas Day and the New Year both primroses and colts-foot were to be found here in blossom, while some five miles away occurred what was, perhaps, the most curious of all the incidents reported. A gardener in Cambridge, going to take in a Christmas tree, from where several were standing together in a sheltered corner, found among the branches a hedge-sparrow's nest with a couple of eggs. The hen bird was on the nest when he disturbed it. If only the birds could have been persuaded to enter into the spirit of the thing and not desert the nest when brought indoors, it would surely have made the sweetest ornament—the nest and birds together—that ever was lighted up by the Christmas tapers!

H. P. R.

FROM THE FARMS.

FROZEN MEAT.

ACCORDING to the annual review of the frozen meat trade issued by Messrs. Weddell and Co., the most remarkable changes last year were in the increased quantity of frozen beef and mutton from the Argentine, and the increases in Australian and Argentine mutton and in Australian lamb. A smaller quantity of chilled beef came from the United States, and the supply of mutton from New Zealand was short. The prospects for 1906, as far as we can gather from these and other sources, are that values will decrease. Australia is at length recovering from the effects of the long drought, and is being restocked with sheep, so that we may expect a larger supply than ever. The other importations that affect the price of meat continue to increase. There seems to be no end to the autumn supply of rabbits, and this must inevitably affect the consumer, since the householder who purchases a rabbit for his dinner is not likely to buy a large quantity of beef or mutton. Experiments have been made in encouraging the exportation of frozen pork from the Colonies, and this will probably lead to the establishment of a considerable trade. In the forecast for the coming year, it is said that we are likely to get still more beef from South America. From Queensland, however, the export of beef continues to be very small. In New Zealand the quantity of sheep has been increased by 840,000, and there has also been



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BROADCASTING ARTIFICIAL MANURE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

an increase of 143,000 cattle. Whether this will affect the market in England or not one cannot say, as other factors come in that affect the equilibrium.

GOAT-FARMING.

Our contributor, Mrs. Hamer Jackson, has received the following letter, which contains so much of general interest that we publish it: "Being anxious to start goat-farming, I have been recommended to apply to you for information on the subject. I am quite satisfied that there is a great future awaiting the development of this industry; but the points upon which I seek enlightenment are: (1) The best class of goat to keep, and how to obtain such; (2) what facilities are there for disposing of the milk, butter, cheese, etc.? (3) would it be wise to import Irish nanny goats with a view of crossing them with foreign billies? and, if so, which particular breed of billy? Having lived most of my life in Ireland, I can speak as to the goats of that country being good milkers; almost every labourer and small farmer keeps one (generally fed on the side of the public road). It appears to me that, if the fact was well advertised that goats' milk is absolutely free from the dreaded tubercle trouble, in these days of rearing babies on the bottle principle, young mothers would soon refuse to give their babies anything except goat's milk; it almost seems to me that this is the end to start at to stamp out consumption. Is it not admitted that this dread disease is largely on the increase? And is it not a fact that nearly 90 per cent. of young mothers are now incapable of nursing their babies? If there was a *dépôt* started in London and Brighton, where goats' milk could be procured to any quantity, and if arrangements were made for carts to meet certain trains bringing the milk from the country, would not this give all goat-farmers a certain market for their stuff? The uncertainty of being able to sell their milk is keeping hundreds back from starting the industry. Some such plan as I have suggested, and a few 'lectures' travelling through England, would soon show good results, I believe. Do you consider my suggestions to be feasible? I am only waiting to be sure of a market to start fairly extensively in goat-farming. Do you think the English public can be induced to try kids' meat as a delicacy, as lamb meat is at present? I have a small farm (grass) of thirty acres with very extensive outbuildings. My farm lies in the centre of Ashdown Forest, on which I have the right to turn out any number of sheep, goats, cattle; there is grand feeding on it for goats, and, further, I can cut bracken for bedding, also the young shoots of gorse, etc. I am about forty miles from London. Having met with very serious injuries out hunting five years ago, causing my retirement from the service, I have had the ill fortune to have had to undergo several operations which necessitated spending months in private nursing homes in London, and in this way have become acquainted with many very leading doctors and surgeons, such as Sir William Broadbent, Sir Thomas Smith, Sir William Bennett, and others; also I know some of the most important owners of nursing homes in London, and am in a position to place the advantages of goats' milk before very important people. I will quote one case that came under my own personal observation, which will show the importance of establishing some sort of *dépôt* for goats' milk. I was in a home in Welbeck Street where among the patients was an infant and its mother. The child was fed on goats' milk. At 2 a.m. one morning there was a great commotion; the milk (goats') had gone sour. The only place where goats' milk was known to be available was four miles away. You can imagine the trouble, the expense of a hansom, etc.!"

AGRICULTURE AND THE GENERAL ELECTION.

It will be generally conceded by farmers that the General Election could scarcely have occurred at a time less likely to interfere with their labours. January, under any circumstances, is a very quiet month on the land, as it intervenes between the autumn and spring sowings; but in any event, the rains of the last few weeks have so drenched the soil that for the time being it is impossible to do anything with it. No doubt at this season of the year lambs and ewes require unceasing care; but, after all, they take up the attention of only a comparatively small portion of those engaged in rustic labour. As far as we have heard, the lambing season is up to now progressing very favourably, and no doubt after the fine autumn the ewes and their offspring ought to do very well in the spring months. On farms where pedigree stock is kept, the men are busily engaged in preparing the horses for the shows which begin next month. Already particulars have been issued of the coming Shire Horse Show and the Hackney and Hunter Show. The amount given in prizes and the names of the judges have already been made public, so that everything points to a successful series of shows. A great many stud charges have been effected by sale during the past year, and it will be interesting to discover what new horses are to be brought out. According to report the season is likely to have its surprises.

LITERARY NOTES.

ONE of the most interesting schools of art and literature in England was that of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Until lately, no authoritative history of it from the inside had been given; but that reproach has been entirely removed by the publication of Mr. Holman Hunt's book, *Pre-Raphaelitism and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood*, in two volumes (Macmillan). Mr. Hunt has chosen the attractive form of autobiography for his book, which he has dedicated to his wife, and it deserves to be described as a stately and beautifully-written history of the most interesting chapter in the annals of English Art. We have not space here to follow Mr. Hunt through his interesting career. His fight in youth was as hard as that of any man who has ever risen to eminence, and he was not over-burdened with sympathy at home, though his father was a man of artistic taste—who at an early period began to show him pictures and tell him about the great artists of the past. In the early days of his painting, the author, like many another budding artist, had to support himself by portraits. He was lucky enough, however, to form the most interesting acquaintances at a very early stage of his career. Rossetti learned to paint in his studio, and here is a story of his first visit to Ford Madox Brown:

"Gabriel's tone in speaking of Brown's present work was not so actively eulogistic as that adopted towards his earlier productions, although he had followed the master in his latest change of manner. His enthusiasm for certain of Brown's designs, made two or three years back, which illustrated Shakespeare's tragedy of *King Lear*, was expressed in the fullest measure.

The studio was down a mews, and had originally been a carpenter's workshop. The roof was made up in great part by a skylight, and the front was principally of glass. Brown managed with hangings and blinds to let the light in or keep it out as he wanted it. The painting in hand was 'Chaucer Reading his poems to the Court of Edward III.' The canvas occupied one angle of the studio from the floor to the ceiling; against the wall were two wings to the central composition, each about 6ft. wide, and as high as the middle compartment. The surfaces of the last-named canvases were divided into Gothic arches to enshrine figures of poets of classic fame treated statuesquely; below were quatrefoil recesses, in which the names of other celebrities were displayed on medallions."

In some respects the most interesting of the group was Rossetti, who forged his way into the first rank of painters. The following is part of a description of him in the days of his youthful charms:

"He wore a brown overcoat, and, with his pushing stride and careless exclamations, a special scrutiny would have been needed to discern the refinement and tenderness that dwelt in the breast of the defiant youth; but anyone who approached and addressed him was struck with surprise to find all critical impressions dissipated in a moment, for the language of the painter was wealthy and polished, and he proved to be courteous, gentle, and winsome, generous in compliment, rich in interest in the pursuits of others, while he talked much about his own, and in every respect, as far as could be shown by outward manner, a cultured gentleman. He delighted most in those poems for which the world then had shown but little appreciation. *Sordello* and *Paracelsus* he would give from memory by twenty pages at a time, and in turn came the shorter inventions of Browning, which were more within the compass of attention suddenly appealed to. Then would follow the grand rhetoric from Taylor's *Philip van Artevelde*, in the scene between the herald and the Court at Ghent, with Philip in reply, a scene very much to my taste, with my picture standing on the easel designed to show the sword of Justice, inevitable in the fulness of time, on all such as being strong scourge the weak, and being rich rob the poor, and 'change the sweat of nature's brow to blood.' To this would follow the pathetic strains of W. B. Scott's *Rosalind* (which latter I have always thought originated Rossetti's interest in the area of reflection to which belonged the subject called 'Found'). Patmore's *Woodman's Daughter* was a novel interest to all of us eager to find new poems. Tennyson's

You might have won the Poet's crown,

If such be worth the winning now,

came out at the very time, and nowhere was its scorn more profoundly echoed than round our hearth."

All that we can do is to sample a book full of delightful passages, and we must conclude with the following quotation, which describes a walking tour made by Mr. Holman Hunt with some of the most celebrated personages of the nineteenth century:

"'Oh!' laughed Palgrave, who was singularly pertinacious in the habit he had adopted, 'that is absurd. You think no one has any notion in his head but the question, "Where is Alfred Tennyson, Poet Laureate?" whereas not one in a hundred we meet has ever heard your name.

The poet returned, 'But that one would tell the others.'

'Not at all,' said our friend, 'there are many people of the name besides yourself.'

'Well, I have known the consequences before, and I wish you would avoid calling me by name,' said Tennyson.

I think it was on account of the poet's apprehension of discovery that our stay at Land's End was shortened."

CORRESPONDENCE.

CARRYING POWER OF EAGLES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I read with interest the letter under this title in your issue of December 30th, as I did also the previous communications upon the same subject. . . . I remember my brother once finding the dead body of a fox in an eagle's nest in a large tree, whither, of course, it must have been carried by the birds, and the probability was that it had been brought at least a mile or more. Yet we thought little of it at the time. The head and part of one shoulder had been eaten away, but whether before the body was brought to the nest, or afterwards, we had no means of knowing. . . . I have read, though I forget exactly



BADGER TONGS.

say, 10lb. into the air. Eagles and other birds have frequently been captured where they had either over-gorged themselves or the situation was such as to preclude their getting under way. One of the older stories of such captures, told of Grisedale, where, in 1679, a lad, "spying an eagle in the bottom of this Dale, wh: was feeding on a Sheep; and either for want of air to waft her, or by having fill'd her belly toe full was not able to rise, he struck her wth his fell staff," etc., poetically expresses the knowledge our ancestors had of the bird's inability to rise under certain conditions. "The want of air to waft her" has been the destruction of many another freebooter who, with a fair wind, would with ease have shown his adversary a clean pair of heels. That the eagle does not fly with the rapidity of the falcon's stoop is not disputed, but that, weight for weight, she is muscularly less powerful than that bird is not so clearly established. The size of the eagle and the apparently-leisurely beats of her wings are very apt to deceive the casual onlooker as to the pace at which she actually cleaves the air. The force with which each stroke drives her along needs to be studied to be appreciated; and it is then only that we realise how many feet each flap has propelled her forward. . . . That the eagle would quickly have despatched the shepherd's dog referred to by Mr. Cameron, even though she might not have been able to lift him from the ground, I take to be pretty certain, from the ease with which one of two golden eagles, kept by an acquaintance of mine, once killed a large Bedlington terrier which had come within its reach. The same bird also, upon another occasion, killed a full-grown otter, which was confined in a wooden shed adjoining the eagles' enclosure, and which had gained access to the aviary by gnawing away the bottom of a partition which separated them. The wife of the man who kept them, hearing an unusual commotion outside, went to see what was the matter, and found the eagle grasping the otter, with one talon, by the head, which then alone protruded through the partition, and the animal struggling furiously to withdraw itself. She at once ran for her husband, but he did not reach the spot until twenty minutes or so later, by which time the eagle had not only dragged its victim through the partition, and killed it, but was then quietly engaged in making a meal off it. Those who know the strength of an otter will appreciate the power required to hold and kill one in the circumstances; and this is further testified to by the fact that neither in its encounter with the dog nor the otter did the eagle lose or damage a single flight feather. Although this letter has already run to inordinate length, I would crave your permission to add the following quotation from that admirable book by the late Mr. Robert Gray, "The Birds of the West of Scotland," and the matter is so entirely *à propos* of the present subject that I trust its perusal may not unduly weary your readers. Speaking of the golden eagle he writes: "On Benbecula, where eagles are frequently seen, there are no eyries, but on the next island, South Uist, there is one every year on Mount Hecla. Mr. D. Lamont informed me, when I crossed to the locality with him last year, that he had seen the old birds of this hill coming almost daily from Skye with a young lamb each to their eaglets. The distance is about twenty-five miles. They never, he says, destroy the flocks in South Uist itself; hence the maintenance of their family does not add to the local taxation. But while some of the lairds of Skye might be rejoicing at the sight of the feathered monarch of their own Alps circling above his rocky throne, their shepherds were probably breathing vengeance against the king of Hecla and his mate for their plundering visits.

where now, of a fox being carried off by an eagle in front of a pack of hounds in full cry: the story being told to illustrate the bird's audacity rather than his power of wing. The inference that the eagle found drowned in the sea in Jura, with a common steel trap attached to its leg, had been unable to fly with the trap from the mainland across the sound is scarcely satisfactory. Eagles have been repeatedly caught with a trap attached to them, or more frequently still been found dead with the chain of the trap entangled in some branch, leaving the poor creature to die a miserable death from starvation; but how far the birds may have carried their burden, or how long they may have sustained their involuntary fast, there is seldom or never any means of telling. Certain it is that some of them must have flown long distances; and not only so, but the power required to draw up the peg attached to the trap, under such circumstances, probably greatly exceeds that necessary to lift,

Thus even within comparatively narrow limits the bird may well be called 'the pride and the pest of the parish.' In Green's "Guide to the Lakes," published in 1819, allusion is made to an eagle in Derwentwater carrying a shepherd's dog into the air. Wherefore, Sir, "for sic an' mony ither reasons," as the Ettrick shepherd was wont to end his arguments, I beg, while deeply interested in the evidence brought forward by your correspondent, to take sides for the present with the opinions no less ably expressed through your pages by Mr. Lichen Grey.—S. P. M.

[We have been compelled, owing to pressure on our space, to omit portions of this letter.—ED.]

BADGER TONGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The instrument represented in the accompanying photograph is seldom seen nowadays, though in days gone by it was pretty frequently used in the country by those who were not expert enough to "tail" a badger by hand. Now, however, that badger-baiting has gone out of fashion, the use of badger tongs has also ceased, and, indeed, they are decidedly difficult things to get hold of. They have a very powerful grip, and the badger was collared by the "scruff" of the neck, or in any convenient place, by means of the tongs, and heaved out of his earth into a sack ready to receive him, even his powerful jaws and teeth making no impression on the iron shafts.—OXLEY GRABHAM.

A SPARROW COLONY.

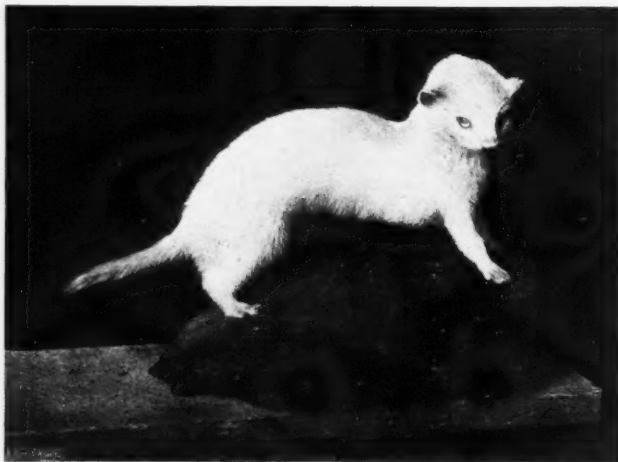
[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Some of your readers may be interested to see the enclosed photograph of a pear tree growing in a cottage garden near this town. The tree, notwithstanding that it is only about 18ft. in height, contains thirteen sparrows' nests, and I am assured by the tenant of the cottage that though he has repeatedly removed the nests, and though the tree is close to the cottage, there have been for the last few years at least a dozen nests each season. Is not this unusual?—G. H. GOODYEAR, Stourbridge.

A WHITE WEASEL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Pure white weasels are of great rarity. I have in the course of my life seen two or three almost white, with normal coloured eyes, but I have never seen such a perfect albino of this species as is represented in the enclosed photograph. It was snow white all over. Not that yellowish white which is so often seen in stoats when changed into their winter pelt, but a pure perfect white; the irides were pink, the pupils pink, the nose pink, and there did not seem to be a particle of pigment about it. It was obtained last September at Blubberhouses in Yorkshire, not far from the famous moor of that name, where Lord Walsingham made his record bag of grouse.—G. O.



THE DECLINE OF THE VILLAGE SHOP.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I was much interested in reading a note in your issue of December 30th on the above subject, and yet I think another view of the matter might be taken. It is true the ordinary shop is suffering from competition with the enterprising grocers in the neighbouring towns, who now send vans round the country for miles at least once a week. The peculiar hardship of this is that these vans sell only for ready money, which the villagers pay, and then go on running up long scores at the shop, which the shop-keeper has hard work to induce them to pay. I do not think anything will drive the shop out of existence, as few women will forego the delights of shopping themselves, and the clear way out of the difficulty is to establish a village Co-operative Store. In one place where this was started, with very little capital, the business has proved quite able to pay 5 per cent., and the people take a pride in being shareholders in it. By this means much of the trash and high prices of small country towns are eliminated, and the villager benefits by being compelled to pay ready money as well.—P.

